

# New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS  
AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 270.

YOUTH'S DREAMS.

BY HARVEY HOWARD.

A silver brooklet laughingly sprung  
From its fountain in the mountain at dawn;  
Through the wide valley its merry song rung,  
As it leaped o'er the rocks and was gone.  
Softly it rippled o'er pebbles and moss,  
Hiding its face from the gaze of the day,  
Or sparkled and glowed with a sun-given gloss  
As it rapidly sped on its way.  
Soon it was joined by another sweet brook,  
That came from a deep, shaded dell,  
Where in a jewel-strewn, sweet silvan nook  
Its waters of brilliancy fell.  
Just as the gloaming they met with a kiss,  
And loveliness mingled their quivering streams,  
Streams was their low-murmured anthem of bliss  
As the music that runs through a poet's brain.  
While under the winged stream ran,  
Deeper and deeper its course became,  
Till the spark that kindled it when it began  
Was grown to a glow of unshining flame.  
Now the children played round and about it,  
And brilliant birds ruffled its flow,  
Till life were not living without it,  
With its ripple so sweet and its glow.  
On—onward it sped to the river,  
That flowed through the plain to the sea;  
As they met, the lost brook, with a quiver,  
To low moaning changed all its sweet glee.  
For before it was queen of the streams,  
And now it is least in the flow,  
Naught is left but the memory of dreams  
That came in the night, long ago—  
Of dreams that its tide should grow greater,  
And wider its surface should be,  
That the glow of its heart should be brighter,  
And the streamlet should grow to a sea!

Victoria:

THE HEIRESS OF CASTLE CLIFFE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,  
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL  
MYSTERY," "THE RIVAL BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

TWELVE YEARS AFTER.

The great bell of Clifton cathedral was just ringing the hour of five. The early morning was dim with hazy mist, but the sky was blue and cloudless; and away in the east, a crimson glory was spreading, the herald of the rising sun. Early as the hour was, all was bustle and busy life in the town of Cliftonlea; you would have thought, had you seen the course of people in High street, it was noon instead of five in the morning. Windows, too, were opening in every direction; nightcapped heads being popped out; anxious glances being cast at the sky, and then the nightcaps were popped in again; the windows slammed down, and everybody making their toilet, eager to be out. Usually, Cliftonlea was as quiet and well-behaved a town as any in England, but on the night previous to this memorable morning, its two serene guardian angels, Peace and Quietness, had taken unto themselves wings and flown far away. The clatter of horses and wheels had made night hideous; the jingling of bells and shouts of children, and the tramp of numberless footsteps had awoke the dull echoes from nightfall till daydawn. In short, not to keep any one in suspense, this was the first day of the annual Cliftonlea races—and Bartlemey fair, in the days of Henry the Eighth, was not a circumstance to the Cliftonlea races. Nobody in the whole town, under the sensible and settled age of thirty, thought of eating a mouthful that morning; it was sacrilege to think of such a groveling matter as breakfast on the first glorious day; and so new coats and hats, and smart dresses, were donned, and all the young folks came pouring out in one continuous stream toward the scene of action.

The long, winding road of three miles, between Cliftonlea and the race-course, on common everyday days, was the pleasantest road in the world—bordered with fragrant hawthorn hedges, with great waving fields of grain and clover on each hand, and shadowed here and there with giant beeches and elms. But it was not a particularly cool or tranquil tramp on this morning, for the throng of vehicles and foot-passengers was fearful, and the clouds of simooms of dust more frightful still. There were huge refreshment caravans, whole troops of strolling players, gangs of gypsies, wandering minstrels, and all such roving vagabonds; great booths on four wheels, carts, drays, wagons, and every species of conveyance imaginable. There were equestrians, too, chiefly mounted on mules and donkeys; there were jingling of bells, and no end of shouting, cursing and vociferating, so that it was the liveliest morning that road had known for at least twelve months.

There rose the brightest of suns, and the bluest of skies, scorching and glaring hot. The volumes of dust were awful, and came rolling even into the town; but still the road was crowded, and still the cry was, "They come!" But the people and vehicles which passed were of another nature now. The great caravans and huge carts had almost ceased, and young England came flashing along in tandems, and dog-carts, and fliers, and four-in-hands, or mounted on prancing steeds. The officers from the Cliftonlea barracks—dashing dragoons in splendid uniforms—flew like the wind through the dust, and sporting country-gentlemen in top-boots and knowing caps, and fox-hunters in pink, and betting-men, and blacklegs, book in hand, followed, as if life and death depended on their haste. In two or three more hours came another change—superb barouches, broughams, phaetons, grand carriages in liveries, magnificent



"Mother, I have come home again!"

"Oh, your female angels often turn out to have the heart of Old Nick himself," said Captain Douglas, tightening his belt. "I don't mean to say she has, you know; but those Clifffes are infernally proud people. They all are. I have known some of their distant cousins, and so on, poor as old Job's turkey, and proud as the devil. Cliffe Shirley committed that most heinous of social crimes—a low marriage. There was the dickens to pay, of course, when my lady yonder heard it; and the upshot was, the poor fellow was disinherited. His wife died a year after the marriage; but he had a daughter. I remember his telling me of her a thousand times, with the stars of India shining down on our bivouac. Poor Clifford—he was a glorious fellow! but I have heard he was killed since I came home, scaling the walls of Monagoala, or some such place."

"Whom did he marry?"

"I forgot, now. He never would speak of his wife; but I have heard she was a ballerina, or opera-singer, or something of that sort."

"All wrong!" said a voice at his elbow. And there stood Lord Henry Lisle, slapping his boots with a ratan, and listening languidly.

"I know the whole story. She was a French actress. You've seen her a score of times. Don't you remember Mademoiselle Vivia, who took all London by storm some twelve years ago?"

"Of course, I do! Ah, what eyes that girl had! And then she disappeared so mysteriously, nobody ever knew what became of her."

"I know. Cliffe Shirley married her, and she died, as you have said, a year after."

Captain Douglas gave an intensely long whistle of astonishment.

"Oh, that was the way of it, then? No wonder his lady mother was outrageous. A Cliffe marry an actress?"

"Just so!" drawled Lord Lisle, slapping the dust off his boots. "And if her son hadn't married her, her brother would! Sir Roland nearly went distracted about her."

"Oh, nonsense! He married that black-eyed widow—that cousin Charlotte of his, with the little boy—in half a year after."

Captain Douglas laughed.

"And is it for the same reason you have named your red road-steed after Lady Agnes—Lisle?"

Lord Lisle actually blushed. Everybody knew how infatuated the insipid young peer was about the haughty lady of Castle Cliffe, who might have been his mother; and everybody laughed at him, except the lady herself, who, in an uplifted sort of way, was splendidly and serenely scornful.

"Lovely creature!" lisped the ensign. "And those ponies are worth a thousand guineas, if they're worth one."

"How much? Where is she? Is she here?" cried Lord Lisle, who was mentally and physically rather obtuse, staring around him. "Oh, I see her! Excuse me, gentlemen, I must pay my respects."

Off went Lord Lisle like a bolt from a bow.

The officers looked at each other and laughed.

"Now, you'll see the grandly-disdainful reception he'll get," said Captain Douglas. "The queenly descendant of the Clifffes treats the

wager—Vivia gets ahead—a shout arises—she keeps ahead—Lady Agnes is dead beat! and Shirley, amid a tremendous cheer, comes triumphantly in the winner.

"That's three thousand pounds in my pocket!" said Captain Douglas, coolly. "Hallo, Shirley! What's the row?"

For Tom Shirley was tearing along, very red in the face, his elbows in the ribs of society, and looking as much like a distracted meteor as ever. He halted in a high state of excitement at the captain's salute.

"The most glorious sight! Such a girl! You ought to see her! She's positively stunning!"

"Who's stunning, Tom? Don't be in a hurry to answer. You're completely blown!"

"I'll be blown again, then, if I stop talking here! If you want to see her, come along, and look for yourself."

"I'm your man!" said the captain, thrusting his arm through Tom's and sticking his other elbow, after that spirited young gentleman's fashion, into the sides of everybody who opposed him. "And now relieve my curiosity, like a good fellow, as we go along."

"It's a tight-rope dancer!" said Tom.

"Make haste, or you won't see her, and it's a sight to see, I tell you!"

"Is she pretty, Tom?"

"A regular trump!" said Tom. "Get out of the way, you old kangaroo, or I'll pitch you into the middle of next week."

This last apostrophe was addressed to a stout gentleman, who came along panting, and snorting, and mopping his face. And as the old gentleman and everybody else got out of the way of this human whirlwind in horror, they soon found themselves before a large canvas tent, around which an immense concourse of people, young and old, were gathered. A great pole, fifty feet high, stuck up through the middle of this tent, and a thick wire-rope came slanting down to the ground. Two or three big men, in a bright uniform of scarlet and yellow, were keeping the throng away from this, and a band of modern troubadours, with brass instruments in their mouths, were discoursing the "British Grenadiers." A very little boy was beating a very big drum in a very large way, so that when the captain spoke, he had to shout as people do through an ear-trumpet.

"How are we to get through this crowd to the tent, if the damsel you speak of is within it?"

"Oh, she'll be out presently!" said Tom; "she is going to give the common herd a specimen of her powers, by climbing up to the dizzy top of that pole, and dancing the polka mazurka, or an Irish jig, or something of that sort, on the top. And while we are waiting for her, just look here!"

The captain looked. On every hand there were huge placards, with letters three feet long, in every color of the rainbow, so that he who ran might read, and the text of these loud posters was somewhat in this fashion:

UNRIVALLED ATTRACTION!

UNPRECEDENTED INDUCEMENT!

THE INFANT VENUS!

The Pet and Favorite of the Royal Family, the Nobility, and Gentry of England!

Come one! Come all! The Infant Venus!! The Infant Venus!!

Admission, 6d.: Children, half price.

By the time the captain had got to the end of this absorbing piece of literature, a murmuring and swaying motion of the crowd, told him that the Infant Venus herself had appeared in the outer world. There was a suppressed rush—the men in scarlet jackets flourished their batons dangerously near the noses of the dear public. There was an excited murmur: "Where is she?" "What is she like?" "Oh, I can't see her!" And everybody's eyes were starting out of their heads to make sure that the Infant Venus was of real flesh and blood, and not an optical delusion. But soon they were satisfied. A glittering figure, sparkling and shining like the sunlight from head to foot, bearing the Union Jack of Old England in either hand, went fluttering up this slender wire. The crowd held its breath, the music changed to a quick, wild measure, and the beautiful vision floated up in the sunshine, keeping time to the exciting strain. It was the light, slender figure of a girl of thirteen or fourteen, with the little tapering feet gleaming in spangled slippers of white satin, the slight form arrayed in a short white gossamer skirt reaching to the knee; and, like the slippers, all over silver spangles. Down over the bare white shoulders waved such a glorious fall of golden-bronze hair, half long gray eyes, neither bright nor expressive; sharp, pinched features, and altogether an inexplicably cowed and subdued look. Her hair was pretty—the only pretty thing about her—dark, and thick, and curly, as all the Shirleys were; but it could not relieve the sombre, sallow face, the pinched, angular figure, and everybody wondered what Lady Agnes could see in that fairy changeling; and shrugged their shoulders to think that she should reign in Castle Cliffe, whose mistresses had always been the country's boast for their beauty.

The knot of officers watching Lord Lisle had all their expectations realized. His profound bow received only the slightest and coldest answering bend of the haughty head. Then Tom Shirley jumped from the carriage, and digging his elbows into everybody's ribs who came in his way, tore like a fiery meteor through the crowd.

And then the horses were starting, and the officers had no time to think of any thing else. For some time, Vivia and Lady Agnes kept neck and neck. The excitement and betting were immense. Captain Douglas doubles his

wager—Vivia gets ahead—a shout arises—she

keeps ahead—Lady Agnes is dead beat! and

Shirley, amid a tremendous cheer, comes tri-

umphant in the winner.

the ground even before they can realize it, and then there is another shout louder than the first; the band strikes up an "Io Triomphe," and Tom and the captain take off their own hats, and cheer louder than any of the rest. And the brave little beauty bows right and left, and vanishes like any other fairy, and is seen no more.

" Didn't I tell you she was stunning?" cried Tom, exultingly.

" Tom, you're an oracle! Is she going to do anything within?"

" Lots of things—look at that rush!"

There was a rush, sure enough. The doors had been opened, and everybody was scrambling in pell-mell. Sixpences and threepences were flying about like halistones in a March storm, and women and children were getting torn and "squeezed to death."

Tom and the captain fought their way through with the rest. Two people were taking money at the door in which they entered—a man and woman. They paid their sixpences, made a rush for a seat, and took it in triumph. Still the crowd poured in—it might have been the beauty of the girl, her dizzying walk up the wire-ropes, or the rumor of her dancing, that brought them, but certainly the canvas tent was filled from its sawdust pit to its tented roof. They were not kept long waiting for the rising of the curtain, either—the same thing was to be played at least half a dozen times that day, so the moments were precious; and the solemn green curtain went up in ten minutes, and they saw the youthful Venus rise up from the sea-foam, with her beautiful hair unbound, and floating around her, her white robes trailing in the brine, and King Neptune and Queen Amphitrite, and their mermaid court, and the graces and attendant sylphs, all around her. The scene was all sea and moonlight; and she floated, in her white dress, across the moonlit stage, like a fairy in a magic ring. The tent shook with the applause; and nobody ever danced in trailing robes as she did then. The contest for the crown of beauty arose—Juno, Minerva and Venus were all there; and so was the arbiter and judge. Venus, says legendary lore, bore away the palm, as much on account of her scanty drapery as her unparalleled loveliness. The Venus standing before them there was scarcely enough draped, Heaven knows! the dainty and unclothed neck and arms whiter than her dress, one as short as the heart of any ballet-dancer could desire; and oh! what another storm of applause there was when Paris gave her the gold apple, and Juno and Minerva danced a *pas de deux* of exasperation, and she floated round them like a spirit in a dream! And then she bowed and smiled at the audience, and kissed her finger-tips to them, and vanished behind the green curtain; and then it was all over, and everybody was pouring out in ecstasies of delight.

" Isn't she splendid?" cried Tom, in transports. " She beats the ballet dancers I saw when I was in London all to sticks. And then she is as good-looking as an enchanted princess in the 'Arabian Nights'!"

" My dear Tom, moderate your transports. I wonder if there's any way of finding out anything more about her? I must confess to a trifle interested in her myself."

" Let us ask the old codger at the door."

" Agreed."

The twain made their way to the door, where the old codger, as Tom styled the black-browed, sullen-looking man who had taken the money, stood counting over his gains with his female companion—a little, stooping, sharp-eyed, vixenish-looking old woman. The man looked up as Captain Douglas lightly touched him on the shoulder.

" See here, my friend, that is a very pretty little girl you have there!"

" Glad you like her!" said the man, with a sort of growl.

" I thought you would be. What's her name?"

" Her name? Can't you read? Her name is out there on them bills! Don't you see she is the Infant Venus?"

" But I presume, for the common uses of everyday life, she has another? Come, old fellow, don't be disengaging—let's hear it."

" Not as I know of," growled the questioned one, civilly.

Tom, combating a severe mental resolve to punch his head, then drew out a sovereign instead, and flourished it before his eyes.

" Look here, old chap! tell us all about her, I'll give you this."

" I'll tell you!" said the old woman, snapping with vicious eagerness at the money. " She's his daughter, and I'm his mother, and she's my granddaughter, and her name's Barbara Black! Give it here!"

Before Tom could recover his breath, jerked out of him by the volubility with which this confession was poured forth, the old woman had snatched the coin out of his hand, and was thrusting it with a handful of silver, into her pocket, when a pleasant voice behind her exclaimed:

" Dear little Barbara, the prettiest little fairy that ever was seen, and the very image of her charming grandmother!"

All looked at the speaker—a gentleman in a canary-colored waistcoat, wearing gold studs and breastpin, a gold watch-chain with a profusion of shimmering gold talismans attached, a lemon-colored glove on one hand, and a great gold ring on the other, with a yellow seal that reached nearly to the second joint; a saffronish complexion, and yellow hair, that seemed to encircle his head like a glory—a gentleman who glittered in the sunlight almost as much as the Infant Venus herself, and whose cheerful face wore the pleasantest of smiles—gentleman to make you smile from sympathy as you looked at him, and not at all to be afraid of; and she was the grandmother of the Infant Venus laid her eyes upon him, she uttered a terrified scream, dropped the handful of gold and silver, and fled.

CHAPTER V.

#### THE PRODIGAL SON.

" Ah, Sweet, how are you?" said Tom, nodding familiarly to the new-comer. " What the Dickens ails the old girl?"

" A hard question to answer. She is out a little, you know" (Mr. Sweet tapped his forehead significantly with his forefinger, and looked at the man)—" just a little here!"

" Can we speak to the Infant Venus?" asked Tom of the old codger.

" I tell you what, gents," was the angry reply, " I want you three to clear out of this! There are other ladies and gents a-coming in, and I can't be having you a-loitering round here all day! Come!"

" Quite right," said Mr. Sweet, in his pleasant way. " Mr. Tom, I heard Lady Agnes asking for you a short time ago. Captain Douglas, the major told me to say, if I found you, he had a little commission for you to execute. Mr. Tom, I believe her ladyship wishes to go home."

" All right!" said Tom, boyishly, moving away arm-in-arm with the captain; and turn-

ing his head as he went: " Give my love to Barbara, you old bear, and don't let her be risking her precious little neck climbing up that horrid wire, or I'll break your head for you! Vale!"

With which gentle valedictory Tom and the captain moved away; and the doorkeeper looked after them with a growl; but he growled more when he found Mr. Sweet standing still before him, gazing up in his face with a soft smile, and showing no signs of moving.

" Come! get out of this!" he began, gruffly.

" Oh, no!" said Mr. Sweet. " By no means; not at all; not yet. 'Tis just the hour. Moore found that out, you know. I want to see the old lady who ran away."

" You will want it, then! Be off, I tell you!"

" My dear fellow, don't raise your voice in that unpleasant manner. People will hear you, and I'm sure you would regret it after. Do lead me to that dear old lady again—your mother, I think you said."

And Mr. Sweet patted him soothingly on the back.

" I'll break your neck!" cried the exasperated man, snatching up a cudgel that stood beside him, and flourishing it in a way that showed he was most unpleasantly in earnest, " if you stay another minute here."

The two men were looking straight at each other—the one with furious eyes, the other, perfectly serene. There is a magnetism, they say, in a calm, commanding human eye that can make an enraged tiger crouch and tremble.

Mr. Sweet's eyes were very small, and were mostly hid under two thick, yellow eyebrows; but they were wonderful eyes for all that. The man with the stick was a big, stout fellow, who would have made two of him easily; but he slowly dropped his stick and his eyes, and crouched like a whipped hound before his master.

" What do you want?" he demanded, with his customary growl, " a-coming and bullying a man who's been and done nothing to you, I wish you would clear out. There's customers coming in, and you're in the way."

" But I couldn't think of such a thing," said Mr. Sweet, quite laughing. " I couldn't, indeed, until I've seen the old lady. Dear old lady! do take me to her my friend!"

Muttering to himself, but still cowed, the man led on through the rows of benches, pushed aside the green curtain, and jumped on the low stage. Mr. Sweet followed, and entered with the temporary green-room, pausing in the doorway to survey it. A horrible place, full of litter and dirt, and disorder, and painted men and women, and children, and noise, and racket, and uproar. There was a row of little looking-glasses stuck all round the wall, and some of the players were standing before them, looking unutterably ghastly with one cheek painted blooming red, and the other of a grisly whiteness. And in the midst of all this confusion, " worse confounded," there sat the Infant Venus, looking as beautiful off the stage as she had done on it, and needing no paint or tawdry tinsel to make her so. And there, crouching down in the furthest corner, horribly frightened, as every feature of her old face showed, was the dear old lady they were in search of. The noise ceased at the entrance of the stranger, and all paused in their manifold occupations to stare, and the old woman crouched further away in her corner, and held out her shaking hands as if to keep him off. But Mr. Sweet, in his benevolent designs, was not one to be so easily kept off; and he went over and patted the old lady encouragingly on the back, as he had done her son.

" My good old soul, don't be so nervous!

There is no earthly reason why you should tremble and look like this. I wouldn't hurt a fly, I wouldn't. Do compose yourself, and tell me what is the matter."

The old woman made an effort to speak, but her teeth chattered in her head.

" You said you were—you said—"

" Precisely! That was exactly what I said, that I was going to America; but I haven't gone, you see. I couldn't leave England, I couldn't really. 'England, my country, great and free, heart of the world, I leap to thee,' and all that sort of thing, you know. What? you're shaking yet. Oh, now, really, you mustn't, it quite hurts my feelings to see one at your time of life taking on in this fashion. Permit me to help you up, and assist you to a chair. There is none—very well, this candle-box will do beautifully."

Mr. Sweet's voice was as soft as the notes of an Aeolian harp, and his smile was perfectly seraphic. But his pistol was within five inches of Mr. Black's countenance; and snarling like a baffled tiger, he did throw the club over the hedge, and slunk back with a face so distorted by fear and fury, that it was scarcely human.

" Dear boy, if you would only be sensible and keep quiet like that; but you are so impulsive! Mr. Wildman was transported, and is probably foundling a flourishing colony in that delightful land, at this present moment, for nobody ever heard of him again. But some five months ago, there arrived in London, from some unknown quarter, a gentleman by the name of Black—Peter Black, who was so charmingly got up with the aid of a wig, false whiskers and mustaches, and a suit of sailor's clothes, that his own dear mother couldn't have known him. In fact, that venerable lady didn't know him at all, when after a month's diligent search and inquiry, he found her out, and paid her an unexpected visit; but it was a delightful meeting. Don't ask me to describe it; no known words in the English language could do justice to a mother's feelings on meeting a lost son—and such a son! Ah, dear me!" said Mr. Sweet, taking his cigar between his finger and thumb, and looking down at it with a pensive sigh.

Mr. Peter Black, crouching down between the trunks of the trees, and gazing with eyes like those of a furious bulldog about to spring, did not seem exactly the sort of son for any mother to swoon with delight at seeing; but then, tastes differ. Mr. Sweet knocked the ashes daintily off the end of his cigar, replaced it between his lips, looked brightly down on the glaring eyes, and went on.

" Mr. Peter Black, when the first transports of meeting were over, found that the relic of the late transported Mr. Wildman had departed—let us hope to a better land—and that his mother had adopted Miss Barbara, then a charming young lady of eleven, and the most popular little tight-rope dancer in London. Miss Barbara was introduced to Mr. Black, informing him that she was his mother, just returned after a long cruise, and no end of shipwrecks, and through her influence, a place was procured for him as ticket-porter in the theater. It was a wandering affair that same theater, and Mr. Black and his charming daughter and mother went roving with it over the country, and finally came with it to the Cliftonlea races. Sly old fox! how you sit there drinking in every word—do let me prevail on you to light this cigar."

He threw a fragrant Havana as he spoke from his cigar-case; but the sly old fox let it roll on the grass at his feet, and never took his savage eyes off the sunny face of the lawyer. His face was so frightfully pale, that the unearthly glare and the mat of coarse black hair, made it look by contrast quite dreadful.

" Ah, that's right!" that gentleman began in his lively way; " make yourself perfectly comfortable, my dear Black—your name is Black, is it not—Peter Black, eh?"

" All right!" said Tom, boyishly, moving away arm-in-arm with the captain; and turn-

ing his head as he went: " Give my love to Barbara, you old bear, and don't let her be risking her precious little neck climbing up that horrid wire, or I'll break your head for you! Vale!"

Mr. Black nodded, and smoked away like a volcano.

" Mine! Sweet—Sylvester Sweet, solicitor at law, and agent and steward of the estates of Lady Agnes Shirley, of Castle Cliffe. And now that we mutually know each other, I am sure you will be pleased to have me proceed to business at once."

There was a rustic stile in the hawthorn hedge quite close to where Mr. Black sat. Mr. Sweet took a seat upon it, and looked down on him, smiling all over.

" Perhaps you're surprised, my dear Mr. Black, that I should know you as if you were my brother, and you may be still further surprised when you hear that it was solely and exclusively on your account that I have come to these races. I am not a betting man; I haven't the slightest interest in any of these horses; I don't care a snap who wins or who loses, and I detest crowds; but I wouldn't have stayed away from these races for a thousand pounds! And all, my dear fellow," said Mr. Sweet, jingling his watch-seals till they seemed laughing in chorus, " all because I knew you were to be here."

Mr. Black, smoking away in grim silence, and looking stolidly before him, might have been deaf or dumb; for all the interest or curiosity he manifested.

" You appear indifferent, my good Black; but I think I will manage to interest you yet before we part. I have the most charming little story to relate, and I must go back—let me see—eleven years."

Mr. Black gave the slightest perceptible start, but still he neither looked up nor spoke.

" Some fifteen miles north of London," said Mr. Sweet, playing away with his watch-seals, " there is a dirty little village called Worrel, and in this village there lived, eleven years ago, a man named Jack Wildman, better known to his pot-house companions by the sobriquet of Black Jack."

Mr. Peter Black jumped as if he had been shot, and the pipe dropped from his mouth, and was shivered into atoms at his feet.

" What is it? Been stung by a wasp or a hornet?" inquired Mr. Sweet, kindly. " Those horrible little insects are in swarms around here; but sit down, my good Black; sit down, and take another pipe—got none? Well, never mind. This Black Jack I was telling you of was a mason by trade, earning good wages, and living very comfortably with a wife and one child, a little girl; and I think her name was Barbara. Do sit down, Mr. Black; and don't be afraid, I don't mean to do you any harm. On the contrary, if you only follow my directions, you will find me the best friend you ever had. Now go."

Mr. Black rose up, and turned away, but before he had gone two yards he was back again.

" What do you want? What does all this mean?" he asked, in a husky whisper.

" Never you mind that, but take yourself off. I've done with you for the present. Time tells everything, and time will tell what I want with you. Off with you!"

Mr. Black turned again, and this time walked steadily out of sight; and when he was entirely gone, Mr. Sweet broke into a musical laugh, threw his smoked-out cigar over the hedge, thrust his hands in his pockets, and went away whistling.

" My love is but a lassie yet."

But if the steward and agent of Lady Agnes Shirley had given the father of the Infant Venus a most pleasant surprise, there was another surprise in reserve for himself—whether pleasant or not, is an unanswerable question. He was making his way through the crowd, lifting his hat and nodding and smiling right and left, when a hearty slap on the shoulder from behind made him turn quickly, as an equally hearty voice exclaimed:

" Sweet, old fellow, how goes it?"

A tall gentleman, seemingly about thirty, with an unmistakably military air about him, although dressed in civilian costume, stood before him. Something in the peculiarly erect, upright carriage, in the laughing blue eyes, in the fair, curly hair and characteristic features, were familiar, but the thick soldier's mustache and sunbrowned skin puzzled him. Only for a moment, though, the next he had started back, with an exclamation of:

" Lieutenant Shirley!"

" Colonel Shirley, if you please. Do you suppose I have served twelve years in India for nothing—you do? Don't look so blanchéd. I am not a ghost, but the same sapegrace you used to lend money to long since. Give me your hand, and I'll show you."

Mr. Sweet held out his hand, and received such a bear's grip from the Indian officer that tears of pain started into his eyes.

" Thank you, colonel; that will do," said the lawyer, wincing, but in an overjoyed tone all the same. " Who could have looked for such an unexpected pleasure? When did you arrive?"

" I got to Southampton last night, and started for here the first thing. How are all our people? I haven't met any one I know, save yourself; but they told me in Cliftonlea Lady Agnes was here."

" So she is. Come along, and I'll show you where."

With a face radiant with delight and surprise, Mr. Sweet led the way, and Colonel Shirley followed. Many of the faces that passed were familiar, Sir Roland's among the rest; but the Indian officer, hurrying on, stopped to speak to no one. The file of carriages soon came in sight. Mr. Sweet pointed out the pony phaeton; and his companion, the next instant, was measuring off the road toward it in great strides. Lady Agnes, with Tom beside her, was just giving languid directions about driving home, when a handsome face, bronzed and mustached, was looking smilingly down on her, a hand being held out, and a well-known voice exclaiming:

" Mother, I have come home again!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 269.)

" You devil," said Mr. Black, speaking for the first time and in a horrible voice, " where did you learn my story?"

" Your story, eh? I thought you would find it interesting. No matter where I learned it, I know you, Mr. Peter Black, as pat as my prayers, and I intend to use that knowledge, you may take your oath! You are as much my slave as if I bought you in the Southern States of America for so many hundred dollars; as much my dog as if I had you chained and kenned in my yard! Don't stir, you returned transport, or I'll shoot you where you stand."

With the ferocious eyes blazing, and the tiger-jaws snarling, Mr. Black crawled in spirit in the dust at the feet of the calm-voiced, yellow-haired lawyer.

" And now, Mr. Black, you understand why I brought you here to tell you this little story; and as you've listened to it with exemplary patience, you may listen now to the sequel. The first thing you are to do is, to quit this roving theater, you, and the dear old lady, and the pretty little tight-rope dancer. You can remain with them to day, but to-night you will go to the Cliffe Arms, the three of you, and remain there until I give you leave to quit. Have you money enough to pay for lodgings there a week?"

Mr. Black uttered some guttural sounds by way of reply, but they were so choked in his throat with rage and terror that they were un-distinguishable.

Mr. Sweet jumped down and patted him on the shoulder with a good-natured laugh.

" Speak out, old fellow! Yes or no."

" Yes."

" You won't go secretly, you know. Tell the proprietor of the affair that you like this place, and that you are going to settle down and take to fishing or farming; that you don't like this vagabond kind of life for your little girl, and so on. Go to the Cliffe Arms to-night. You'll have no trouble in getting quarters there,

"Woof!" he suddenly exclaimed, shaking himself like a huge bear, "I'm just spilin' for a fight, and I'll face anybody or everybody here, I don't kee a cuss which. Come, trot out some of yer big crowin' cocks, if they want to bounce spurs with this ole chicken, Missouri Moll, the King of the Stage."

No one responded to his urgent request, but hearing a man talking rather loud at the other end of the saloon, he waltzed up to him and said:

"See here, Manuel Chicaloo, do you know what you are sayin'? Are you throwin' out insinuations against Missouri Moll?"

"I wasn't sayin' anything 'bout you, Mis-

souri; I wasn't even thinkin' of you."

"Oh-ho, therel the devil you say!" roared the bully; "then I'm beneath your notice, am I? See here, Chicaloo, you've got to fight me for that insult. You sha'n't run over—"

"You misunderstood me, Missouri, you did indeed. I said—"

"Oh! then I'm a fool, am I? Well, by thunder, I won't take that," and the much-injured Missouri Moll "squared" off and knocked Manuel Chicaloo down.

At this same instant a shout, a pistol-shot and a groan came from the opposite end of the hall, and drew the attention of our friends i that direction.

A brief scuffle ensued, during which a number of lamps and tables were overturned upon the floor, which was of the solid ground.

"Thar!" roared Missouri Moll, as if half provoked, "I'm wanted up thar. It beats the ole devil that I've got to be everywhere to keep peace among this quar'lin' pack."

The desperado moved toward the opposite end of the hall, and the crowd swayed after him.

For awhile a Babel-like murmur filled the room, then the hoarse voice of the stage-driver was heard to shout:

"Clear the way thar, ye varmints!"

The crowd at once parted, and four men, carrying the lifeless body of a man, moved down the hall and out at the door. And a thread of blood stretched the full length of the building out into the darkness.

Major St. Kenelm shuddered, and a vague horror filled his breast.

"That poor feller war dead," whispered Dakota Dan. "He staked his life at cards, and lost all."

"My God, Dan! if this is life in New Mexico, I want none of it," said St. Kenelm; "Mississippi towns are nothing compared with Conejos."

"Oh, this is all right, major," responded the old ranger, sarcastically; "this is a spot of our republican government—our glorious star-spangled American eagle. Judicious legislation brought about this millennium. Give Congress time and it will annex ole Mexico and Purgatory next. Humph! this thing of a hen ha'v more chicks than she can cover, I don't believe in. What's Congress and the law-makers know 'bout that man been killed? What does the local authorities kee? Ah, major! I love my country—have fit and died for it, but I don't like some things 'bout her internal machinery—the way her laws are executed. That's the Utah poligamists—a mere handful—that for years have defied our laws, our judges and our cannon. And then, just think of that insane Ingin policy! Oh, Lord! it makes my very ha'r blush for man's ignorance of the Ingin."

"I am not an advocate of the humanitarian Indian policy, Dan, for the reason it is not a success," replied St. Kenelm. "I am inclined to think that a few such men as you, well armed and equipped, would do more toward keeping the Indians under subjection than all the Quakers in America."

"Thar, major!" exclaimed Dan, bringing his bony palm down upon his companion's knee, "you have hit it plumb-center!"

By this time the house had been cleared of all evidences of the late murder, and general "order" restored.

The gamblers had all resumed their seats at the tables, and business went on as before.

Missouri Moll, with an air of relief, began his pacing up and down the hall, imploring any one to become a victim to his pugilistic wrath.

Several times his savage eyes rested upon our friends, but no direct challenge was given them.

"Who is that desperado, Dan?" asked Major St. Kenelm.

"He's a stage-driver they call Missouri Moll," replied the old ranger. "He drives from Conejos to somewhat south and back, once a week. He's a great bully, and every one of them critters hangin' round him would kiss his feet, that'd kick 'em the next moment. If he'd whip every man here, they'd fight for him the next minute because he's Missouri Moll, the King of the Stage—Hullo there!"

At this juncture the door was opened and a new-comer entered the room. He was a young man—in fact a mere boy, whose timid, unsophisticated looks told that he was entirely out of his place. The boy had a clear dark eye, it is true, and was really "good" looking, but his ill-fitting suit of dark gray, his awkward movements, and his bashful, half-frightened looks, told that he was from the "rural districts" of the States. He had doubtless become fired with the spirit of Western life, had run away from home, and had called in at the "Swil Pail" to make observations.

Dan and St. Kenelm saw that he was a stranger, and for a moment he became a focus upon which all eyes were centered. And at length Missouri Moll espied him, and smacking his lips in high gusto, exclaimed:

"A young one—a tender morsel for my supper," and prancing up to the boy, he slumped him upon the shoulder and continued: "How are you, sonny? What's your name? Whar did ye come from? Tired, aren't you? A little somethin' to take will help you, so come right up, bub, and take yer fust drink with gallant Missouri Moll, King of the Stage, of whom you've heard, I dare say—read about in yer Sunday-school books."

"I never drink, sir, thank you," replied the half terrified.

"You've no business in here, then," replied the bully.

"I know it; but I came in through mistake."

"Yes, yes, younker; I made that mistake, too, so come up and drink—you must."

"No, I will not," the boy replied, firmly.

"But you shall, sir," the driver said, fiercely; "I'll be teetotally cussed if I don't pour it down your throat. I'll hold your nose, my babe, and pour it right down, and you'll think me for it, some day. I say, ole Slop-tub, behind the bar, that, fill me up a mug of hot liquor. This boy must drink."

"Major," said Dakota Dan, in a low, solemn tone, "that boy sha'n't be imposed upon. Before that liquor goes down his throat, either that desperado or Dakota Dan will be dead. If I fall, major, I hope you'll git through the mountains safe."

"I am really sorry that we got into any trouble at all," Dan, said St. Kenelm.

"So am I, major; and I reckon I'm to

ger rose, and with a deadly fire in his steel-gray eyes, advanced to the side of the trembling boy.

#### CHAPTER XV.

RED ROB'S RAID.

MISSOURI MOLL soon returned with the liquor.

"Here, boy," he said, "drink this down and be a man."

"See here, ole hoss," said Dakota Dan, interposing, "if this boy wants to drink, I've nothing to say, but if he don't want to, you shan't force it onto him."

"The roarin' demon!" exclaimed the bully, in apparent astonishment, at the same time tossing glass liquor and all over his shoulder behind him, regardless of whom they struck, "what's this? A man, or a mummy? What little, ole, dried-up institution are you that dares to put in a lip whar Missouri Moll, the King of the Stage, reigns supreme? Why, man, I shall grind, pulverize to dust, and sprinkle over this floor your withered carcass."

"I don't know anything 'bout your powers to grind up folks," responded Dan, coolly, "but I'm determined you sha'n't carry out your threat with that boy."

"Durned if I don't show you, ole drybones," roared the bully; "see here, ole Dutch oven, send over another mug of 'strangulation,'"

The last words were directed to the bartender's wife, who at once filled the order, when a dozen eager hands flew to the bar to bear the glass to their master, Missouri Moll.

As soon as the glass was placed in the stage-driver's hands, the bully advanced toward the shrinking youth and reached out and attempted to seize his nose between his forefinger and thumb. But at the same instant the form of Dakota Dan straightened up and his bony fist was planted directly between the eyes of Missouri Moll. The driver dropped like a log to the floor, spilling the liquor as he went down. But with a roar like that of a mad bull, he sprang to his feet and squared off, tore open his collar, shoved up his sleeves and was then ready to exterminate the old ranger.

The boy burst into a peal of laughter.

"The Lord e-ternals!" hissed the desperado.

"I'll make you squeak outen 'tother side of your mouth. I'll exterminate both of you—"

"Go in, King Molly, I'll back you," cried Manuel Chicaloo, the very individual whom the desperado had knocked down a few minutes before; "I'll tend to that boy—I'll earn him how to insult the King of the Stage—I'll earn him manners, the insignificant son of—"

The villain's low, abusive words were here cut short by the youth's fist, which, quicker than thought, was planted on the wretch's mouth, knocking him back against the bar with terrible violence.

The youth's blow proved the signal for a general attack upon himself and Dakota Dan.

And, seeing the danger of his friend and the boy, St. Kenelm, springing forward, became involved in the fight.

High above the din of the conflict suddenly arose the piercing scream of a whistle. It is said from the midst of the crowd. It caused an involuntary lull in the confusion.

The next moment a yell was heard outside.

The trampling of hooved feet was heard upon the street. The sounds approached. The door was burst suddenly open, and, to the horror of all, a masked horseman galloped into the saloon!

In his hand he held a cocked revolver.

He was immediately followed by another and still another, until a dozen mounted and masked horsemen were in the room.

Terror seized the boy.

"Red Rob! Red Rob, the Boy Road-Agent, is upon us!" burst from the lips of one.

It was enough. A panic seized the crowd, and a general confused rush was made for the door and the windows. The road-agents opened fire upon the confused mass. In a few moments the saloon was deserted by all save the outlaws and three dead men.

Dakota Dan, St. Kenelm and the boy were also gone.

A yell that fairly shook the building burst from the lips of the robbers as they ranged their animals around in front of the bar, and called lustily for "drinks."

But no one answered their summons.

Finally one of the party dismounted and went behind the bar to wait on the others. To his surprise he found the bar-tender and his wife there, curled up under a sleeping-bunk.

The fat couple were routed out, and by strong argument in the shape of a cocked revolver, were persuaded to set out the drinks and cigars until all were satisfied. Then one of the robbers demanded:

"What's the bill?"

"The quakin', terrified German looked wild.

"What's the bill, I ask?"

"Mine Cott, noddings?" gasped the man, "if you leave here just quick. Mine frow is almost to death scared, and trembles in her pody mooch fast."

"That's not the question: what do we owe you if you go fast hurry away."

Despite his remonstrances, the outlaw paid the bill, and without further annoyance rode out of the saloon, and galloped away toward the mountains.

By this time, however, Conejos was wild with excitement. The name of Red Rob was upon every lip. But in the midst of all, no one thought of attempting the capture of the young outlaw. Self-defense was the only thought that filled the minds of the terrified populace, for all they had no need of fear. They possessed nothing that the outlaws wanted—noting that they could make away with, and joy followed the brief reign of terror, when the time for the ball approached through the decision would be in the negative; and Octavia's heart was set aside in the hope that the ball would be in the negative.

This course proved a masterstroke of policy, for it at once drew either the respect or fear of the citizens over to the emigrants. Dakota Dan was lionized by those who had been his enemies, but the old ranger shook his head dubiously. "He would not be caught in a trap by the flattery of such men as he had seen in the Conejos saloon."

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As announced, this new story by a new author, is in striking contrast with the old order of things among the "time-honored" authors, whose story is evolved like the rolling out of a panorama, with an occasional halt for the showman to moralize or explain. It is of the new school, which takes only salient and significant acts by strongly-marked characters, and letting them tell their own story, succeeds in producing chapters of surprises, and is full of that interest of *person* which we feel even for a thorough scamp or villain when he acts well his part. The author is the very antipodes of hackneyed; he sees human nature not with others' eyes, but with his own, which are as sharp and searching as those of an eagle; and in incident and plot we have a "new departure" which will be welcomed both for what it gives and for what it suggests.

## TIGER DICK

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## TIGER DICK

a romance as notable in its way as "Overland Kit" is in its peculiar field, and which lead us to expect much from its author, whose second story for our columns is so well under way that we may promise for it an impression that will establish its author's reputation as foremost among the new school of writers of whom Bret Harte was the *avant courrier*. He will, we hardly need add, write

ONLY FOR THE SATURDAY JOURNAL.

## The Arm-Chair.

SPELLING-MATCHES are now "having a run" that, with all their ludicrous novelty, promises to achieve good results. As a nation, we are notoriously bad "spellers." Almost every person, even among the well-educated, will fail occasionally in their orthography; but, taking the business correspondence of the day as a fair criterion of the average mastery of the verbal forms of our language, we are forced to admit that there is a sad need of the schoolmaster in counting-rooms, in public and professional offices, and business-life generally.

An order the other day, made by an eminent Wall street operator to his broker, read:

"Buy 200 shares Unum Pisticis an 200 Eve to mi account."

And this was not Old Uncle Daniel Drew, whose spelling, it is said, has made his brokers all bald-headed in deciphering his orders and communications. It came from one of a hundred men who are magnates in our monetary circles, yet whose early education evidently never reached "baker" in Webster's old spelling-book. And, what is a bad feature of the case, this ignorance does not seem to be a source of the least annoyance or mortification to the delinquents.

The present excitement over the lexicon is well calculated to show, even to the "hard heads," the value of a correct orthography, and we say, give all encouragement to the spelling-match. Make all classes participate, "Ring in" the ministers, the editors, the judges, the lawyers, as well as the tradesmen, mechanic and student, for no class is exempt from deficiencies which these matches cannot largely correct.

## Sunshine Papers.

## Bits of Romance.

INTO every life, I think, there has come some bit of romance. There is never a worn, weary, lonely woman—a slighted, sharp-tongued wife—a gay, rollicking bachelor—a plodding, prosaic man of business, who has not one tiny, white, sweet chamber in the heart locked against some pale ghost of the past. Those little gleams of a sweet long ago! How, sometimes, a bar of music, a familiar tone, a shaft of moonlight, a dewy blossom-scented breeze, will revivify them with a touch of pain that we had thought impossible! How after they have lain dimmed and forgotten, under the accumulated films and mental refuse of years, a chance word will rend their coverings and

they will stare us in the face and make us wonder whether the image we conjure is really us, until, like Mignon, we shall scarce recognize ourselves.

There is Eleanor—gay, witty, sarcastic Eleanor—who has counted her birthdays up to thirty, and who is the same to-day she was ten years ago. People wonder why Eleanor has never married, and rail at her sarcastic tongue, and censure her wit that spares neither sex nor position; but people do not know of the bit of romance in Eleanor's life. How, years ago, she, in an hour of unreasonable girlish madness, sent from her side her young lover, sent him to exile and death! While sorrowing, remorseful Eleanor longed for his presence, and chided herself for her rashness, her lover was traveling, without a good-by to any friend, toward California; and the first message that reached his Eastern home was of some wild nights of dissipation terminating in a fatal fever. Eleanor rushed from the bitter stings of his friends, and the reproaches of her own troubled conscience, and the gnawing pain of her heart, to her room, and opened the pages of a book where his last gift was hidden—some sweet-scented leaves of which she had been fond—yellow and brittle now—and faint as the dead subtle fragrance floated against her face. Ever since that day Eleanor has buried her bit of romance under her gay, sarcastic manner; and only a few, a few young men and maidens, know how thoroughly she can lay that manner aside when there are sensible, earnest, kind words of advice to give. But, though Eleanor's romance was so many years ago, it has life still. Stopping upon Broadway to buy a bouquet she will select one which has none of the green leaves in it like her lover's last gift; and, not a year ago, at the gift of some flowers plentifully interspersed with them, I saw her whiten to the lips and forget to finish the witty speech she was making.

Bennie is a clergymen, beloved, and earnest, and gentle—one of those pure, tender spirits that seem born to give counsel, and sympathy, and comfort; and Bennie has a wife devotedly loved; but there is in his heart a tiny, dim, shadowy recess that holds some shattered imagery. When the silvery moonshine falls athwart a room, Bennie lowers the shades, and lights a lamp, and keeps it out, because shafts of such pale sheen have the power to imbue the imagery with form and naturalness, and recall such misery as almost wrecked a life.

Percival is the charm of many a gentleman's party. Handsome, debonair, successful, he is admired, and sought, and envied. A pet of womankind, a jolly companion, who dreams of the little grave in Percival's heart, holding one only treasure—the remembrance of one summer night—that has kept him from love of a woman through fifteen gay years; and that makes him faint and heart-sick at the sound of one little song?

Miss Maria is dead now; but well I remember the dread I had of her fault-finding ways, and her sharp tongue. And, how, one night, in tears at some cold reproof, I sought Addie's room, and begged her to sing for me. The doors were open, and Addie sang "Listen to the Mocking-bird" and an air from the Bohemian Girl, and then some little ballad of the sea, of which the only line I remember was, "And the ship went down with the howling of the storm." At that Miss Maria came in and took me in her arms, and kissed me, and cried over me, and carried me off to bed more tenderly than I had ever known her to do before. Miss Maria's hard, rigid, stern life held a bit of romance that the little ballad had unvailed. Years afterward, when her useful place was filled by another, I saw Miss Maria's picture, showing her a blooming girl, instead of the serene-faced woman I had known, taken hand in hand with her brave young sailor, just before he went upon the voyage from which his good ship, with its crew, never returned.

How different would be our views of many lives could we read each heart's bit of romance! Sometimes, indeed not seldom, I fear, we pronounce erring judgment upon many an acquaintance, whose peculiarities and faults may be only the wild growth over heart-graves. Let us judge leniently every life, for none there are that hath not its own secret.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

## WANTED.

PEOPLE who will think as much of the living as they seem to think of the dead. Truly some writer said: "Don't write long obituary notices. Save some of your kind words for the living." If that writer carried his precepts into practice he couldn't have been a bad man; his heart must have been good and Grandma and I could have put our trust in him.

I believe in kind words, for they make us better for hearing them. How many a toiler would go down to the grave with tired hearts were it not for the utterance of kindly words! They act like water to the parched throat of the traveler in the desert; they are blessings to many and many a fainting heart. The world would grow cold and callous without them. It is hard to note how few of them people use when they are so plentiful. Yes, we want people to love the dead and at the same time not ignore the living.

People who will not jump at conclusions too readily—who will pause before they leap. Be ready John Henry says he is going to write a story called \$1000.00, I want people who will not report that he has stolen or lost that sum, or fallen an heir to it, or is going to receive that price for the story: People who will not accuse us of being engaged to every young man or woman whom we chance to be walking with; who will not say that every time we put pen to paper we are inditing a love-letter; who will not accuse us of being intemperate because the doctor has ordered us to put by rum out our cheeks as a cure for neuralgia; who will not accuse me of setting myself up for a saint because I am striving in an humble way to make others more true to themselves as I am endeavoring to do toward myself: people who have sense enough to feel enough for other's sufferings to aid them without asking whether they are worthy of it or not.

People whose thoughts do not run on matrimony all the time, and whose happiness does not always consist in making matches; who do not strive to do all they can to bring two persons together into a matrimonial alliance. It seems to me there is much more profitable business for one to follow, and many not open to so many objections. I was going to say something about matches being made in heaven, but my idea of heaven is not one composed of a congress of match-makers, and I think there are sweater things to occupy the attention of the residents of that happy land. Am I irreverent in saying so, or is my opinion a sensible one? People who are in the habit of making matches must find time hang very heavy on their hands, or they haven't any useful employment to keep them busy.

People are wanted who are "true to the core"—who will love you as well when you

haven't a cent in your pocket as when your pocket-book is stuffed full of greenbacks—who can see worth in you even though that worth does not consist in gold or silver, and who will value you for your goodness of heart though that heart be covered with a ten-cent calico; people who will not be all honey and sugar to your face only to say contemptible things behind your back—who will not fawn upon you in your prosperity and snub you in your poverty—who will not beudge you a meal or help you to the purchase of clothing when you are in need of it.

Friends are wanted who will not be merely such in name but in reality—who will anticipate your wishes, and not think it too much of a hardship to put themselves out for you. Such friends are worth having, and they are needed. Are there too many of them in the world?

People who will take a supreme delight in making others happy, and showing that it is not such a selfish world as many of us would imagine, are sadly wanted. They are *never* unwelcome. If advertising would bring them how would those who are weary and heavily laden advertise! No matter whence they come from, we are willing to claim them for brothers and sisters. Well, and why should we not want them? I am sure they would prove true diamonds, even if their faces are homely, so long as their hearts are beautiful. We cry, God bless them!

EVE LAWLESS.

## CONTRARY TO GOOD MANNERS.

How often many of us are apt to neglect the day of small things and forget that "trifles make perfection."

There are scholars, in some of our country schools, who will come off victorious in a spelling-match because they can spell such words as "paralysis" and "Nebuchadnezzar," and will not even stumble over "Baal" or "Semacherib," yet these very ones will spell the word perhaps prehapse, and when asked why misspell so common a word, reply that they "never paid much attention to such comon words."

I know of a lady, who prided herself on being a good grammarian, yet always said "I be" for "I am," and, in numerous other points, was equally at fault. She would have been quite put out if any one had so much as insinuated she was not a good grammarian when she "had parsed so splendidly at school." There are persons studying algebra who cannot write a well-formed sentence. Others are toiling over Greek and Latin whose English could be much improved. I have known a teacher who taught no grammar in his school because he "hadn't time," yet there was time to spare for other studies. Not a great while ago every one was speaking of the accomplishments of a certain belle, and a literary gentleman was asked for his opinion of her. His reply was characteristic:

"She is a fine musician, dancer and linguist, but she does speak the worst grammar I ever heard."

A correspondent for a New England paper mourns over the fact that some of her country-women are so deficient in education, and remarks that she "does not believe scarcely one of them could make out a bill of sail"—the italics are mine, the spelling hers. Corrects others, yet is at fault herself.

Many of us have heard of the man who would not go to see the Cardiff giant, because he believed it was nothing but a "publique statue." A great many of our "statutes" may be "putrified," but they have scarcely been as attractive as a petrified statue.

In the "green-room" of one of the theaters there is a dictionary put up on a shelf "for the actors to consult." The leading man of that establishment always pronounces *hæcombs* "hæcombs."

How very seldom we hear the opera of "Sonnambula" called anything else than "Sonnambula." I was once accused of wrong pronunciation because I said that the word "pantomime" was wrong and "pantomime" correct.

I know these things are not enough to put one in a "stew." They are merely jotted down to show what errors are made daily and that they may be corrected. If we get into the habit of spelling falsely and using bad grammar the fault will grow upon us, and we shall find it hard to break ourselves of the habit.

Grammars and dictionaries are cheap and the time we use in consulting them will not be wasted or thrown away. The murdering of our language is "Contra bonos mores."

F. S. F.

## Footscap Papers.

## That Cat.

It was the first piece of live stock that I ever owned, and I must say that I had no title deed to it.

Some sympathizing friend left him in our yard one night, and withheld his name.

It was one of those unostentatious acts of pure benevolence which are so deserving of credit.

This cat answered to the name of Thomas; although if a piece of meat was in the question, he would answer to any other name just as well. That was his way.

This cat belonged to the feline race, and from the morning we took him in he began to make himself at home, although the ceremony of introduction had been overlooked.

He was not a very prepossessing cat, Tom wasn't for his eyes belonged to the sore order of architecture; his nose was hardly of the classical model, and his fur looked like it had been scorched by the stoves of many generations.

He rarely smiled, but had a dejected look about the face and a serious air about him that excited my pity.

I never took such sudden interest in any cat since, although my house has been of late a regular foundling hospital for all the useless cats in our town; people take the utmost pains to donate their good-for-nothing quadrupeds of this kind to me.

Sleep seemed to be Tom's normal condition, and he never woke up unless he was hungry.

He was one of the best jumpers I ever saw; he could jump three feet high—that is to say, from the sides upon the dinner-table with the greatest ease, when there was no one present, but somehow he was one of the worst cats to jump down I ever saw. I have frequently taken him tenderly by the tail and dashed him against the wall, but he managed to get over it without any feelings of revenge.

At the table, I could always tell when he was hungry, for he would put his fore-paws up on my knees and dig his toe-nails in.

He had many desperate battles with the rats, the rats always being the attacking party. I never could see how they could disturb him, either, because he never bothered them. In fact, I always thought he was their greatest

friend and deserved better treatment at their hands than that. He never injured one of them in his life, except in self-defense, and then he didn't hurt it much.

It was very a-new-sing to hear his mews.

He was the most mews-ical cat I ever saw.

If he had been properly worked up into fiddle-strings I would give \$250 for the fiddle, and on that fiddle I could have played thunder, and made Rome howl. It would have been the noisiest fiddle in existence.

He seemed to be a very unfortunate cat, for whenever anybody put his foot down, Tom was there, and always managed to be there until the foot was lifted again, but he let his situation be known at such times.

If anything fell off the stove Tom always kept it from striking the floor. Flat-irons and skillets seemed to be his principal hold.

He also appropriated all the hot water that was spilled off the stove, until he was as badly scarred as some battle-scarred ruff-rugger.

The hired girl practiced so much that she could let every stick of wood fall on Tom with the utmost precision; and the number of kicks which she gave him could not be stated unless I had the figures of the public debt at hand.

In the kitchen he seemed to lead a dog's life, and this seemed to throw him into a deeper melancholy than ever, and he took his spit out in every way he could devise got to knocking dishes off the shelves, clawing the children's legs, frightening the family at night with the most ghostly talks, and if any demonstration was made against him, he was always sure to go through a window like a shot, or go through a looking-glass.

I saw that everything would go to destruction and take me along with it if I didn't take in some of my sympathy and kill that cat.

But I hated to kill him, for I thought it would be death to him, and I tried the more humane plan of depositing him at night in other people's yards, "to be left until called for;" but he never stayed long enough to be called for.

It was on one of these occasions that I got a cat-nip which nearly threw me into cat-ilepsy.

He appreciated something to eat so highly that it seemed a sin to take one of his nine lives, which would of course be manslaughter in only the ninth degree, yet I resolved to be called for.

I began to imagine that he was the spirit in cat-shape of some old enemy of mine, who wanted to make the balance of my life interesting if not pleasant. I hired boys to take him into the country and then nailed horseshoes over the door, but he always came back better for the exercise he had in walking.

At last, irritated beyond degree—beyond several degrees and some minutes, I chopped him in two with an ax, and even then it was all that I could do to keep the two halves from coming together again. He died from the effects in a few days.

"Throw no cats over here!" I have put up along my fence, and they mind them well, for they don

## ONLY PANSIES.

BY LUCILLE HOLLES.

Only pansies!  
They slipped from paper grown yellow and old;  
Stabbing my heart with a nameless pain;  
Links, though slight, of a broken chain,  
Lying in sunlit gold.

Only pansies.

Only pansies!  
I gather them softly against my breast,  
Where they once rested, years ago;  
Gleaming then with a royal glow,  
From the faces they pressed.

Purple pansies.

Sweet bright pansies;  
The ones that my lover each morning laid  
Dew-washed, upon my bosom fair,  
Or blooming in my braided hair.

Oh, fearfule past!

For these pansies!

fragrant pansies.

Like the breath of the morning wind that blew  
Against my face the day he died.

Died! And I in the evening tide,

Refused his love so true,  
And his pansies!

Now, dead pansies

Are the ones I hold to my aching heart.

Their sweet life gone, their velvet bloom

Faded, as he whose bitter doom  
My life has shared part

O'er these pansies.

Holding pansies.

The sunlight has kissed not since the sad day  
That I look back on her dead.

I would my life, like theirs, had fled!

But my lips cannot pray  
Over pansies.

Little pansies.

Oh, tell me for him whose lips I made cold,  
Can sin like mine be forgiven?

Will my love seek me in heaven?

Or must my future hold  
But dead pansies?

The Terrible Truth:  
THE THORNHURST MYSTERY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,  
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "THE FALSE  
WIDOW," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CO-  
RAL AND RUBY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

UNDER THE ELMs.

ANOTHER turn of the kaleidoscope, another  
succession of brilliant mornings, afternoons and  
nights, a whole week during which the gayety  
had not flagged, and New Year's eve was ushered  
in.

Thornhurst mansion was ablaze with light,  
alive with merriment. There was a grand  
ball there on this New Year's eve which was  
meant to close the dissipation of this holiday-  
time. It was not meant to close the pleasures  
at Thornhurst, but, as those to come would be  
of a quieter order and in greater moderation  
so this occasion was to eclipse all that had gone  
before.

Without it was a gusty night with ragged,  
black clouds chasing across the sky, with the  
moon and stars gleaming through at intervals,  
with the wind tearing like a moaning spirit  
through the bare drooping elms, and in the  
dark cedar grove a legion of unquiet spirits  
might have been confined to judge by the  
plaints issuing from thence. A depressing,  
ghostly night with its rushes of light and shade,  
with a crisp snow upon the ground, but with  
the bitter air which had prevailed through the  
day softening, and some light flakes floating  
down as the ragged clouds gathered more  
thickly overhead.

Nora pausing in a window with her hand upon  
her escort's arm, shivered as she looked out  
upon the dreary scene. A band was crashing  
through the Guards' waltz at their back, warmth  
and perfumed atmosphere and brilliant lights were  
about them, but one of those loud wind-walls  
pierced to their ears, mournful, eerie, as though  
it might have foretold a doom.

"If I were superstitious I should believe  
that some harm was to befall this house to-  
night," she said. "That sounds gruesomely  
enough to be a banshee's warning."

Sir Rupert, looking out for a moment with  
a shade of the gloom of the night upon his  
brow, smiled down upon her.

"Abandon the dreary outlook then," he sug-  
gested. "Come and waltz with me instead. I  
don't very often dance, and you are one of the  
few who might tempt me to the indulgence."

"Your pardon, Sir Rupert. I claim Miss  
Carteret for the next waltz."

It was Mr. Telford coming up to remind her  
of her promise. "All men may not be favored  
of the gods, but few of us that will not  
wring recognition from the angels when we  
may. Never suppose I can be forgetful of a  
promise, however oblivious you may have been  
come, Miss Carteret."

She took his arm with a glance around and a  
backward word to the baronet.

"There is Miss Montrose, cornered in by two  
merciless mammas interested in having their  
own pretty daughters near as possible first in  
the field. Can't you relieve her from that ex-  
tremely uncomfortable position?"

All the gloom cleared out of the baronet's  
face on the instant. He had looked and looked  
in vain for Miss Montrose during the earlier  
part of the evening. It was not for him to  
know that once he had passed within two feet  
of her, and only the speedy intervention of  
Mrs. Grahame's voluminous skirts had saved  
him the discovery, or that that lady on some  
plausible pretense had whisked her immediately  
away to the obscurest corner. Sir Ru-  
pert's awakened interest was apparent enough.

Should the great *parti* of the season, the  
wealthy baronet for whom half the beauty of  
New York was angling, be surrendered igno-  
miniously to a young person who had never be-  
fore been recognized by even the society here?

—one who was most probably an adventures-  
ous and an interloper, for some hint of the worth-  
lessness of that Southern plantation had got  
abroad notwithstanding all the caution of Wal-  
ter Montrose. Never if subtlety of interested  
chaperone could effect a rescue.

Destiny was against Mrs. Grahame this once,  
however. Sir Rupert made his way directly to  
the obscure corner, and led Miss Montrose out  
of it, in gratified triumph.

"I was disappointed at believing you not pre-  
sent," he said, "inclined to quarrel with every  
one if you had gone off as I supposed you had  
without ever saying good-by. In that case I  
would have hunted you up in the morning to  
make my own adieu."

"You go soon, then?"

"To-morrow afternoon, New Year's Day  
though it be. I am to see a friend off for Lon-  
don on the third."

"My father and myself leave for Georgia,  
the day after to-morrow. You will have the  
opportunity of saying a long farewell within  
the next two hours, Sir Rupert, since I leave  
here early. Quite a number of people make  
it a positive duty to turn a new leaf every New  
Year's Day, to begin a fresh era of their lives.  
I shall make my preparation by packing a  
trunk and leaving the dead past of six years  
spent here behind me."

"Do you throw off all remembrances so eas-  
ily? I have an objection to saying that word  
'farewell.' I shall ask it yet to let me make it  
'au revoir.' Can you tell me who is that gen-  
tlerman just entering? He is the very image of  
a person I have seen."

She glanced up, a smoldering fire leaping  
on the instant into those slumberous, dark  
eyes.

"Who is he like, Sir Rupert? It is my fa-  
ther."

"Your father! And that makes another co-  
incidence. He is the picture of what John Mon-  
trose, Earl of Cleveland, was a dozen years ago,  
of what young Lord Charles will be in  
twenty years to come. A vague reminiscence  
comes up to me, the recollection of hearing of  
a wandering younger brother of the house.  
Miss Montrose, is it possible?"

"Don't imagine it possible if you were going  
to conjure a relationship between our own and  
your noble Sussex house. America is a fine,  
large country, but all the black sheep of titled  
aristocracy need not of necessity have come  
here, or having come need not be confounded  
with honest republicans who chance to bear the  
name. I at least would never covet the dis-  
tinction of such relationship. Do you not find  
it very close here, Sir Rupert? Will you take  
me into the air for a moment?"

The quick eyes of Miss Montrose had seen  
that her father was making his way slowly to-  
ward them through the crowd, and her wo-  
man's intuition divined that it was with the  
object of being presented to Sir Rupert Archer,  
and more, that the baronet would fill in his  
mind the imaginary position he had up to this  
moment ascribed to Vane Vivian. She never  
would fulfill the mission he had set aside for  
her—she had put it out of her power should  
the desire ever come—and she would not be  
the tool to throw an unsuspecting victim  
within reach of what must be futile machi-  
nations.

Walter Montrose had gained admittance  
through the sublime effrontry which characterized  
the man. He had fastened on young Telford  
at the village that day, plying him with  
questions relative to the doings at Thornhurst  
uring the week p.

"You are going there to-night of course,"  
he said. "So am I. Is it asking too much for  
you to take me up on your way?"

Telford, good-naturedly, promised. He was  
by no means a quick-brained young man, and  
it was five minutes after Montrose had gone  
before the idea struggled into his cranium that  
it was at all a strange matter for the latter to  
be going to Thornhurst.

"They've closed the vendetta, I suppose,"  
mused Telford. "Whatever it was all about,  
the colonel always seemed to have a grudge  
bitter as wormwood against Montrose. It's  
been patched up through that magnificient  
daughter, I'd be willing to bet my roan."

Fortunately for the ownership of the roan,  
there was no one by to take the bet. Mr.  
Telford shaped the surprise which grew upon  
him during the day into words when he re-  
deemed his promise that night.

"I thought the colonel and you made a  
habit of being at daggers' points," said he.  
"I did not know you had got about on so-  
ciable terms, and it is something of a wonder  
not to know that all has occurred in this neighbor-  
hood."

"I am not absolutely sure of it myself," re-  
joined Mr. Montrose, coolly. "I have not  
been formally favored with an invitation, but  
my daughter was solicited as a guest there,  
which I take as tantamount to extending the  
same courtesy to me. I'm willing to put into  
practice that good old maxim about forgiving  
and forgetting."

Mr. Telford had his own doubts in regard to  
which side forgiving and forgetting might  
most properly apply, but he had put the best  
face possible upon the matter and followed in  
the wake of Mr. Montrose when Thornhurst  
was reached, a trifle curious to witness the  
meeting between these two long-standing en-  
emies. The colonel turned from one relay of  
arrivals to find himself face to face with Wal-  
ter Montrose. For one instant they stood so,  
as duelists determined to fight it out to the  
last might have done, then the latter extended  
his hand, saying:

"To effect a reconciliation, it is necessary  
there should be an overture somewhere, Col-  
onel Vivian, and I have taken it upon myself  
to make the overture. I am sure you will not  
refuse me a welcome, and I would not permit  
myself to be deterred for the lack of an invita-  
tion which might have been proffered had my  
frame of mind been known. I should like to  
know, when I leave here in two days more,  
that I am at peace with all the world."

"You are too lenient, Miss Carteret. There  
is no reason why you should not join with all  
the rest in denouncing the atrocious deeds of  
which I have been guilty."

"There is a reason," she said, meeting his  
moody eyes with brave, sympathetic glance.

"I am your friend, even though you do not  
care to acknowledge me as such. I know you  
have felt hardly toward me, and I know why.  
I—want to thank you—" her face drooped,  
and her fingers worked nervously with a but-  
ton of her cloak—"for being so honest when  
the colonel proposed his plan to you. I never  
could have consented if you had, and I never  
dreamed until afterward of his intention. He  
wants to be reconciled with you that night, you  
know—"

"I beg pardon, I do not know," he inter-  
rupted. "He came to denounce, me as I de-  
served, but it was none the less hard for all  
that."

"That was afterward. He did not find you  
at your lodgings; he returned to the house and  
met Dare, who took him to that place."

"Dare!" he gave her a keen glance. "Dare  
went with me there."

"He left you there while he returned with a  
story for your father's ear which I believe was  
purely his own invention, of your desperation  
and his fear that you meant harm to yourself."

"A servant chanced to overhear the conver-  
sation, but was discreet enough to say nothing  
until the result came out. I believe still, as I  
did from the first, that he has been the means  
of bringing all this evil upon you."

Vane's lips compressed in a hard line.

Doubts of Dare had crept into his mind of late,  
despite himself. His face softened as he looked  
at her.

"If you are my friend, Nora, it repays me  
a hundred-fold for the loss of those who were  
friends and have turned against me. I have  
only one thing to regret in my soul, and that  
is my father's just anger. I could not go  
away, perhaps forever, without making one effort  
for his forgiveness. If I ever redeem that  
part of my life which is past, I will come back;  
if not—"

She laid her hand upon his arm again with  
beseeching eyes turned upon his face.

"If not—you will let me say it to you, be-  
cause I am your friend—if not, you will prom-  
ise that no desperation shall ever drive you  
to attempt your own life again?"

A hot flush swept over his brow.

"You do not appear to dislike it yourself."  
"No; I have an odd passion for fierce tem-  
pests, a positive liking for all sorts of rough  
weather. Nature is never so alluring to me as  
in her wildest moods."

"You will be content to let me detain you  
here for a moment, then? I asked you back  
there to let me say *au revoir* at our parting.  
May I, in the course of a few months, come to  
see you in your Southern home? I will esti-  
mate it as a priceless boon to be granted the  
privilege."

His tone, more than his words, brought a  
new revelation to her. What could she say?  
There was only one course to pursue, but how  
could she refuse to least wound an honorable,  
high-toned gentleman? He went on speaking  
gratefully.

"I will not leave you in doubt of my move-  
ments. I have learned to care for you before  
in my heart, but when you have learned to  
know me better, when you can give me an  
answer to what you must know is in my heart  
to-night, it will be time enough to plead for  
myself. What I ask is not to hold you compromized in any degree, but to grant me the favor of becoming better known  
to you."

Her face was turned away, but there was a  
tremor in her voice as she spoke, showing how  
her confidence touched her.

"You do me more honor than I deserve by  
having thought of me so kindly, Sir Rupert.  
I must beg—it will be better if you never  
think of me again. I am grateful, believe  
me, and the best return I can make for such  
noble frankness as yours is to urge that you  
will never attempt to see me again; never  
think of me if you can help. Oh, Sir Rupert,  
what is that?"

She clasped his arm nervously, shaken from  
her habitual self-command. A cloud had broken  
and the full moon shone down brightly for a  
moment. It shone upon a moving form among  
the elms, which drew back quickly into shadow.  
Sir Rupert, too, had seen the form, but his own solution for the appearance came with the momentary glimpse.

"Some one strolling out in the air, or per-  
haps a farmer's boy of the vicinity taking his  
view of the ball from a distance," he remarked.  
The wind was rising; I will not detain you here longer. But I must hope still for the permission I have asked before we part."

He held open the door for her to pass  
through, following himself, but left her with a  
word, the moment they reached the throng.  
He made his way to where Nora stood, for the  
moment unattended.

"Vane is here," he said, in a tone which  
should reach me but hers.

"Here?—where? Has he seen the colonel?"

A few steps placed a column between them  
and the crowd, and Nora's eager face uplifted,  
her brown eyes lit with expectancy and apprehension.

"He has not seen any one. I had but a  
glimpse of him, lingering under the elms, but  
I could not be mistaken. It was positively  
Vane. He has come, although I wrote to him  
it would be better not to do so. I could hope  
for no good from it, when I saw from day to  
day how bitter and unrelenting the colonel has  
been. I am going out to speak to him; naturally  
he does not wish to face all these guests,  
and is most probably waiting an opportunity  
to enter unobserved."

"Would you mind, Sir Rupert?"—Nora's face  
dropped and her flowing hair shaded it—"if I  
go instead? I should like to see Vane, and it  
may be my last chance. Colonel Vivian will  
not soften—he will order him from the house  
most probably, and Vane will go with no pleasant  
remembrance of this night."

"Go, by all means. I hoped you might wish  
for it."

She flew up to her room to throw a water-  
proof over her evening dress, to thrust her sil-  
pered feet into her overshoes, then sped down  
a back-way and across the snow-crusted lawn  
to the line of elms. The wind was just swaying  
the bare, drooping branches now, and there was  
light enough to show her a dark form leaning  
against a tree-trunk, watching the lighted front.  
He neither heard the light, step, nor saw the approaching shape; she  
stood by his side and put out her hand to touch  
his arm before he was aware of her presence.

"Vane!" He started and looked around at  
her. "Sir Rupert told me that you are going  
away, and I want to say to you how truly I<br

Psyche mirrors, and the thousand and one costly trifles ladies with more money than they know what to do with love to gather round them. It was, altogether, a perfect gem of a room, this boudoir of my Lady Landsdowne.

On a lounge under the window, in a charming morning toilet, half-buried in rosy cushions, lay my lady herself. A pretty woman, as you know already, blue-eyed, golden-haired and fair-skinned, with regular features, and an air that might have done credit to a princess royal. Fair-haired, blue-eyed and delicate-featured, a gentle delineation surely; but Lady Landsdowne would not have impressed you with the idea of gentleness. The fair face looked hard and haughty at the best; at the worst, as it was this morning, it looked sour, sullen, and almost fierce.

A little stand with the remains of an epicurean breakfast, stood at her elbow; the last new novel was in her hand, but she was not reading; she was listening—not in impatience, not in eagerness, but with a look of sulky determination about the thin, bitter lips and in the wicked blue eyes. What she listened for came at last. There was a tap at the door, and her French maid entered, dipping and smiling.

"A gentleman was below, and wished to see mi lady. He did not send his name, but said he came on important business. *Oh, mon Dieu* he was!"

Sure enough, there he was, at mademoiselle's elbow—a tall gentleman, with handsome, bronzed face, jet-black beard and mustache, dark-bright eyes, and the air generally of an Italian brigand.

"Your mistress will see me," said this dark apparition; "have the goodness to go, mademoiselle!"

Mademoiselle looked at her mistress, aghast. My lady had risen to a sitting position and waved her off with her jeweled hand. She seemed very little surprised or startled by this strange visitor; she had turned pale, it is true, and mademoiselle noticed it was like the gray pallor of death; but that was all. Her glittering eyes were fixed on his face as he came in and closed the door, and she was the first to speak, clearly and steadily.

"So you have come," she said; "sooner or later I knew you would!"

"I have come," said the deep voice of Senor Mendez, standing before her, dark and stern as Radamantus. "I have come to seal your fate! Murderess, matricide, bigamist, your career is run. I come as an avenger, to lead you to your doom!"

A strange mode of saluting a great lady in her own house! But Lady Landsdowne only looked up in his face with a smile that showed all her glistening white teeth.

"Will you not take a seat, Mr. Hazelwood?" she said, in her sweetest tone, "or perhaps you prefer to stand? That tragic speech would bring down the house if you were in Drury Lane, or in the Bowery, in your own delightful land over the sea! Did you expect me to faint at sight of you, this morning, Conway?"

He looked at her in amazement. Bold and daring as he knew her to be, he was hardly prepared for such hardihood, for such brazen effrontery as this. She broke into a derisive little laugh as she watched him.

"Even so, Mr. Hazelwood! Strange to say, I fear you no more to-day than I did sixteen years ago, when I poisoned your pretty bride, got your brother hanged, broke your father's heart, and sent you a wanderer over the world, oh, no! I am not afraid of you, Conway; I never was afraid of any thing or any one in my life, and I am not likely to begin now!"

"You are the devil himself, I believe," said Mr. Hazelwood; "but if you were ten times the incarnate demon you are, your race is run, your power to do evil is ended. For stone walls, a treadmill, or a strait-jacket have rendered harmless worse fiends than you!"

Again she laughed her low, mocking, derisive laugh. The woman seemed to be scarcely human in her daring fearlessness; and it was no mock courage, you could see; some secret sense of power suspended and lifted her above all fear.

"Justice, though the heavens fall! Is that your relentless motto, Mr. Hazelwood? Well, I have reason to be thankful to you, for the sixteen years' grace you have given me! You see I have not wasted my time—I have gained wealth, rank, title, position. I have drunk the wine of life hot and sweet, and now that I have got to the lees I find them rather bitter and palling to the taste. I am getting *blase*, Mr. Hazelwood, and even the treadmill may be pleasant by way of change! How has the world gone with you these sixteen long years, my dear husband?"

"Woman! woman! is no spark of human nature left in your black and murderous heart, that you can talk like this? It matters not to you where I have been—I have known where you were this many a day, and I spared you. You had entrapped a good and honorable man into marriage by your devilish wiles, and for his sake, though he was a stranger to me, I spared you. You were a double, a treble murderer. You had ruined my life, made me a wanderer and an outcast, but still I spared you."

"Committing last night! Oh, you mean turning that girl out of doors! Why, Mr. Hazelwood, reflect—I come home and find a young and pretty woman domiciled with my husband, a young and handsome man, and—"

"Silence!" he thundered, raising his voice, for the first time, and with a flush from his dark eyes, that made even the female friend before him cover. "Silence, or I will forget I am a man, and strangle you where you sit! Wretch, Jezebel, fiendess! You know as well as I do, that girl is your own daughter!"

Lady Landsdowne, stretched out her hand for a jeweled fan on the table, and began fanning herself.

"Mr. Hazelwood, oblige me by not shouting out in that manner! It's extremely ill-bred, and you'll have every servant in the house here to see what is the matter. Suppose she is my daughter—what then? It only makes the matter worse! I don't want her here—you stole her from me when child—you thought I wasn't the proper sort of person to bring up your daughter, and you have kept her ever since. I didn't care much for her then—I care a great deal less now! I knew perfectly well, from the first moment I saw her, who she was—and a rare start she gave me, I assure you, for my nerves are not at all strong at times; but as I said, I didn't want her here—so I turned her out! If it were to do over again, I would do it in half an hour—just the same!"

"I don't doubt it! You would murder your own mother if you took it into your head!"

"Yes, and if she ever comes troubling me here, I shall feel tempted to do it! Oh, you need not stare! I know she is in Monkswood,"

and has the other one with her—I have seen them both, though she never saw me. I know more than you think, Mr. Hazelwood. I know how she stole Rosamond, and would have stolen Evangeline to spite you, if she could! Poor little wretch! a sweet life the one she did get must have led with her—half-starved all her days, I dare say!"

Conway Hazelwood stood looking at her, his dark face white as death.

"And this creature who sits there and says such things is human and a woman. Oh, in all this wide world does such another monster exist?"

She smiled up in his face and fluttered her pretty fan.

"You think me unique, then. I take it as a compliment! But if I am a monster and a murderer, and all the other sweet things you call me, whose conduct made me so, pray! I was the daughter of a New England innkeeper, a pretty, innocent barmaid, who used to fill the glasses of Captain Forrest, and his fast young friends from New York, make their punch, and sing for them with such charming simplicity and such innocent blue eyes and long golden curls, until the blue eyes and golden curls turned Captain Forrest's head, and he made the pretty little bar-tender his pretty little wife!"

"Yes, when I was half-mad with your father's curse liquor, and knew nothing of what I was doing. That was the one mad act that ruined my whole life!"

"Very soon," Lady Landsdowne placidly went on, "Captain Forrest—an assumed name, but no matter—got tired of his artless little bride and deserted her. Her father died, and by and by came two little baby girls, with big black eyes and black curly hair—the very image of their papa. Papa found it out, relented, and came to see them, gave them money, and went away again. The ill-used wife waited, and waited, and at last, growing tired of that, began to act. She got money from him regularly. It enabled her to act all the better. She found out the reason of his absence—he was about to break the laws of his country and marry another wife, a richer and more presentable bride. She found out she was not Mrs. Forrest but Mrs. Hazelwood; but her husband was rich, and treacherous, and despised her. To add to it all, he stole her children from her one winter-night, out of a poor and lonely house, in a lonely marsh, where she and her mother were stopping for a few days, on their way to New York. That was the last drop in the cup; not that she cared much for the twins—they were only a burden and a torment to her; but the act galled her woman's nature. She resolved to be revenged, and in her own way. All that was savage within her—and Old Nick had always lain latent behind those innocent blue eyes and golden ringlets—rose fierce to the surface. She left her mother, secretly came to the city, obtained a situation as housemaid in the house of her husband's bride-elect, and laid her plans. It was she who wrote the notes to the bride and her lover; it was she who followed him down Broadway that memorable night dressed as a man. Had her trap laid for him succeeded, he might have been arrested for the murder; but he baffled her there. It was her hand administered the poison, hidden in a cup of coffee, and for which his brother died! Yes, she became a murderer! but whose was the first fault?"

"Yours, woman; for you entrapped me into a marriage I never would have thought of in my sober senses! Who can blame me for tiring of you? Why did you not come forward and proclaim the marriage, as you might have done? Mine alone was the fault; mine alone should have been the atonement. But, no, you were merciless, and now I shall be merciless to you! With the measure you have meted to others shall it this day be measured to you! The hour of retribution has come!"

"Has it? What are you going to do, Mr. Hazelwood?"

"I am going to summon Lord Landsdowne here, and tell him your whole diabolical history. You entrapped him as you entrapped me. You have been his bane and the curse of his home, as you have been of mine! Then you shall enter a carriage that awaits you at the door, and I shall take you to the house where you are to drag out the rest of your wretched life."

"And how is it in that chamber of death—chamber of horror? The gray and mystic twilight (the only light fitted for such a scene) stole drearily in through the closed curtains, lingering darkly in the corners, and brooding darkest of all in that corner where the bed was. A white sheet covered the bed, and under it was the outline of a stark form in the marble rigidity of death. In an arm-chair, at the foot of the bed, but not near it, Lord Landsdowne sat, a little paler, a little graver than usual, but quiet and self-possessed. The first shock of horror had passed away. The brief explanation, which had shocked and horrified him more almost than the suicide had done, was past, too, and the worst that could come was over. There had been no love many a day—there could be no sorrow now. It was only ghastly and appalling to think of, and he wanted to forget it all as fast as possible; to go far from Black Monk's, and remember the last few years only as a hideous dream. Crouching at the head of the bed, rocking to and fro, moaning and crying, was the old woman; her hands clasped round her knees, and her dim old eyes fixed piteously on the bed. Yes, there was one human being to regret Lady Landsdowne—her wretched old mother. On a sofa by the window, clinging together, white and startled, two young girls sat; two so strangely alike that the resemblance might have astonished you. The same wealth of jetty curls, the same brilliant black eyes, the same dark, clear complexion, the same regular features, the same high precisely, in all things the same but one—that one was in expression. One of the two had a strangely cowed and subdued look—shrinking, frightened manner, the result of long years of hard treatment, and blows and abuse. Poor Rosamond Hazelwood! The whining old beldame beside the bed could have pitied a tale, if she chose, of the life she had led the granddaughter she stole.

One other person was in the room, walking up and down with restless steps. It was the foreign gentleman, who was telling, in the twilight, his dark and tragical tale.

"I shall not ask to. You may go in and examine the room. There is no door—no secret and mysterious trap-door, and the window is twenty feet from the ground. Go in and look yourself, if you do not believe me!"

He did go in with her, and she watched him with her cold, slight laugh:

"Short notice! But it is all poetical justice, I suppose. My bonnet and shawl are in my bed-chamber; you know, I shall beg you to excuse me while I put them on."

"Oh, I am—excessively! When am I to go?"

"Immediately! I am going to send for Lord Landsdowne now. You had better put on your bonnet and shawl, and be ready to accompany me in half an hour."

"Hear the bell as he spoke, and my lady arose, with her cold, slight laugh:

"What you please! Your power to do harm will at least be ended. You should be thankful that your punishment is so slight!"

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ugly names; he shut his teeth firmly together for a moment, involuntarily his hands clenched, and an ominous light shot from his dark eyes.

All within the room bent forward eagerly to watch the issue. Few others had seen men, giants in size, go down before Injin Dick's sledge-hammer blows, for far less offense than that now offered him.

Nearly all the crowd expected to see Dick dart forward and fell the Judge to the floor, and one half of those within the room would have justified the deed.

Neither they, nor Dick, had any suspicion that Judge Jones had slyly drawn a revolver from the drawer of the table, when he had first taken his seat at it, and now, with his hand upon the trigger, the hammer cocked, he waited for the attack, which he had fully calculated his words would bring. Of course, in self-defense, the Judge thought, and rightly, too, that few would blame him for using his weapon.

But Judge Jones had reckoned "without the host."

With a powerful effort, Dick repressed his wrath.

"Judge, when a man stands before you with his hands tied behind his back, to strike him, even with words, is a cowardly act," Dick said, slowly and deliberately.

A low murmur came from the lips of the crowd. It was plain that the prisoner had more friends than the Judge.

"And now, Judge, let's have a good, fair, square show of hands; no cards up your sleeve, or aces rung in on a 'cold' deal," continued Dick, in the same cool, deliberate way. "What are you, anyway? Are you the Judge, sitting there to try me for some crime I am accused of committing, or are you the prosecuting attorney, whose business it is to prove me guilty if he can, whether I am so, or not? or are you both, rolled up into one? If you are, I'd like to know what kind of a show I'm going to get in this here court!"

"A show to be struck by lightning!" growled the man-from-Red-Dog, in anger.

"Silence in the court!" cried the Judge, sternly, and in anger. "In reply to your accusations, I will say that I am the Judge, and the prosecuting attorney, but it is my duty to see that justice be done."

"That's all I ask," remarked Dick, quietly.

"Of course you are aware that, in certain cases, the judge, on the guilt of the prisoner being proven, has power to pass sentence at once," Jones said.

"That's square, every time; but I say, Judge: you commenced operations by saying that, as this was only a preliminary examination, a jury wouldn't be needed. Now, if you're going to have a jury, *they've* got to find me guilty before you can sentence me. And if the crime I'm accused of isn't big enough to go before a jury, why, of course the punishment will only amount to a fine. So you can prop right away with your mule-team; if I've done prop right up for it, and if I haven't got money enough about me, maybe some friend of mine in the crowd will 'put up' for me."

"I'm your 'antelope!'" yelled the man-from-Red-Dog, shaking a canvas bag of gold-dust excitedly in the air, and dancing, first on one leg, and then on the other, like a turkey on a hot plate. "I'll see you through of it but's me. I'm the big cinnamon b'ar from Red Dog, I am!"

"Somebody put that fool out!" ejaculated the Judge, sharply.

"Have you picked out the spot where you want that 'somebody' buried?" asked the Red-Dogite, sarcastically. "Or hadn't you better 'go for me, yourself?' Ef I hit you on't, the durned old express company would want another agent at Spur City, you bet!"

## CHAPTER XX.

### A HITCH IN THE PROCEEDINGS.

"ORDER! order!" murmured some of the partisans of the Judge, scattered among the crowd.

"Who's a sayin' any thing ag'in' order?" demanded the giant, looking about him, as if with intent to get his eyes on one of the speakers and inaugurate a free fight, there and then.

"Is this a good 'squa' trial, or ain't it? Have you got the 'papers' packed on us, an' things fixed, so that my part ain't goin' to have no sight for my money, say?" and the man-from-Red-Dog looked indignant. "That big cuss that's tryin' to boss this job, stuck his pick into my 'lead' without my sayin' any word to him. I don't allow that any man from hyer to Austin, big or little, Injin or white, kin call me a fool, without havin' to peal an fight for it. I'm any man's antelope in a free fight, an' all I ask is a fair shake, you bet!"

"Order must be preserved, or the examination cannot go on," said the Judge, in a quiet way; he already saw that he had proceeded on the wrong track.

"That's so!" ejaculated Dandy Jim. "I never say any word ag'in' it. I only offered fur to see Dick through if he needed rocks. I stand ready for to put the furst man out myself, or he's as big as the side of a house, who miles things hyer."

"That is perfectly satisfactory," said Jones, evidently desirous of calming the troubled waters that threatened to overwhelm the impromptu court of justice. "I was rather hasty, perhaps, in the use of the expression, which I addressed really more to the whole crowd than to any one man in it; and, I suppose it is as well that I should state right here that I recall the offensive word, and trust that it will be overlooked."

"That's so!" exclaimed the gentleman from Red Dog. "I don't knock any chip off any man's shoulder, unless he puts it there to be knocked off. Your 'pology' is accepted, Judge. I'm willin' to be forgiven, an' if I've done anything I ought to be sorry for, I'm glad of it." And with this jocose remark, peace was once more restored, and the examination went on.

Jones saw plainly that Dick had made up his mind to take the affair coolly, and not to be provoked into any violence. The Judge felt that he had lost the first point in the game, and that his adversary had the best of it at present.

"The charge against you, Talbot, is a very serious one," the Judge said, slowly; "too serious for me to handle alone. I don't want to assume any responsibility beyond what the citizens here have already conferred upon me. As your life or death will hang in the issue of this trial, I shall summon a jury of twelve men, good and true, and place your fate in their hands."

The members of the crowd looked at each other, rather astonished at the words of the Judge. Mechanically, each man put the question to himself: "Of what crime was Injin Dick accused?"

"You will have a fair, square trial before a jury of your fellow-citizens here; your fate will be in their hands, not in mine," continued the Judge. "I make this remark, because, by your

words, you seemed to insinuate that I was acting unduly against you. Now, I am not aware of any reason existing why I should have a spite against you; do you know of any?"

"No," Dick replied, promptly; "but, Judge, in this world, a man ain't always able to tell his friends from his enemies. You may have some secret spite against me that I don't know any thing about. I don't say that you have; I don't know any reason why you should have; I never trod on your toes in any way that I'm aware of. But, as I said before, a man can't always tell. When the ship is on the ocean, it isn't the rock that rises above the water that's dangerous; it's the one beneath the surface, that the waters hide. Just so in life. I never yet feared, or turned my back on an open enemy. I was always prepared for him; ready, willing to meet him. It's the man that strikes you in the back that's ugly—the fellow who hasn't the courage to say: 'I've got a grudge against you, look out for me.'"

"Very true; but I think you, as well as everybody else here, ought to be fully satisfied that I haven't anything against you. I am aware that these remarks of mine are a little out of place, but when a man's character is attacked, and his motives questioned, he had better settle the matter right off at once," Jones said, striving to appear as just as possible. "We're convened in this room, fellow-citizens, to carry out the spirit of the law; what does it matter if we don't conform to the strict letter of it? We're after justice; that's the main point. We're far off here from civilization; we haven't got the regular machinery to work out the process of law as they have it in the East in the big cities. But, what do we care for that?"

As I said before, we're after justice, and law ain't always justice. I intend that this man shall have a fair trial. Twelve honest men, selected by yourselves, fellow-citizens, shall decide according to the evidence whether he is guilty or not guilty. As for myself, I'm going to lay down the law just as honestly and fairly as I know how. If I don't, when I step out of this court to the street outside, I become a private citizen again, and answerable to any one of you for my acts."

A murmur of applause went round among the crowd. What fair man could take exception to the Judge's speech?

"And now, we'll commence proceedings," said Jones, after the slight noise had subsided.

"Dick Talbot, you do not know, then, the nature of the charge under which you have been arrested?"

Dick shook his head silently in the negative.

"You are accused of stopping the express coaches on the highway between here and Austin, and by force of arms, assisted by armed confederates, robbing said coaches, and the passengers in the aforesaid coaches, of their money and other valuables!"

Nearly all within the room started in surprise, and loud murmurs of astonishment and doubt came from the lips of the miners. Such a charge, coupled with the name of Dick Talbot, seemed to them utterly preposterous.

As for Talbot himself, he seemed to be the most thoroughly astonished person in the room.

"Why, Judge!" he exclaimed, "somebody's been putting up an awful job to humbug you!"

"You deny the charge?" questioned Judge Jones, fixing his cold, gray eyes on the face of Talbot.

"Of course I do! You might as well accuse me of trying to steal the moon!"

"You deny that you are the road-agent known as Overland Kit?"

If a bomb-shell had burst in that little shanty it couldn't have caused more astonishment than the question put by Judge Jones to the prisoner.

The members of the crowd stared at each other with open mouths.

"Overland Kit!" cried Talbot, amazed; "what? If?"

"Yes; are you not the notorious desperado?"

"Well, Judge, I'd like to see you prove it," Dick replied, with an air of conscious innocence.

"That I will speedily do," said the Judge, confidently. "Step forward, Joseph Rain."

That worthy instantly emerged from the crowd and advanced to the side of the table.

"This is the first witness," said the Judge. "Witness, look at the prisoner. Can you tell me—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Rennet, who looked upon the whole affair as a perfect farce, and the charge as too ridiculous to be credible, for an instant; "but, Judge, it is customary to swear a witness before he gives his testimony; otherwise, how can you tell whether the man is speaking truth or falsehood?"

You can't, legally, jeopardize a man's life upon the mere word, unsupported by oath, of another."

"That's so, hoss!" ejaculated Ginger Bill.

"You bet!" cried the man-from-Red-Dog, the expression "soft of clinching" the remark of the other, as a minor observed.

"Squar," said another of the miners, and various remarks of a like tenor came from others of the crowd.

Judge Jones knitted his brow; he did not like the interruption, but his own good sense told him that the point was well taken.

"Has any one in the room a Bible?" Jones asked, after a moment's pause."

If Judge Jones had asked for a pack of cards a dozen in the room could have accommodated him at once.

He had surprises in store for all of them, and he smiled in anticipation as he reflected over them.

In the mean while he should have the opportunity to witness the trial of the False Faces.

It was not from any spirit of revenge that Genni Bartyne wished to hear the final doom pronounced upon the man who had so deeply wronged him, but to feel satisfied that his power of injury was destroyed or rendered nugatory.

Being apprised of the day appointed for the trial, Genni Bartyne and Raymond went to Newcastle, the county-town of the county of the same name; therefore the trial was held there, the city where the crime was committed being in the same county.

The trial was held on the nineteenth of November and lasted until the fifth day of December.

The prisoners were all convicted and sentenced, first to receive forty lashes at the whipping-post, and then to be imprisoned for ten years.

The whipping-post is an old-time mode of punishment, peculiar alone to the State of Delaware. In no other State in the Union, that I am aware of, is this method of punishment retained.

"No, nor a hull hen-roost of chickens," replied Bill, who stood by the side of the Red-Dogite.

"We must proceed on the word of the witness," said the Judge.

"Stop a moment, I have a Bible!" exclaimed a clear, girlish voice; then the door of the shanty opened, and Jimmie appeared.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 264.)

NOBLE discontent is the path to heaven.

## False Faces!

### THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

A MYSTERY OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN,  
AUTHOR OF "A LIVING LIE," "SNARED TO DEATH," "BERNAL CLYDE," "ELMA'S CAPTIVITY," "STELLA, A STAR."

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### WHIPPING-POST AND PRISON.

"WHEN Chester here came to me seeking my services in your case, (for I had adopted the profession of detective as one affording the excitement congenial to my mind,) and stated the facts, I knew that I had found what I had been so long seeking," continued Ray.

"Had I known what I know now," he told his father, "there would have been three dead bodies left in the wood instead of two, and the third would have been that of Edgar Skelmersdale."

Raymond persuaded his father to remain and witness the whipping to be inflicted upon Edgar.

They formed part of the throng around the whipping-post. The forty lashes were duly inflicted, and then the culprits were placed in the pillory for one hour, there to endure the gibes and mockery of the rabble of half-grown boys and idle men.

When the hour expired they were taken to the jail.

Genni Bartyne and Raymond returned to New York. Preparations were at once commenced for the visit to the oil wells, Almira being now nearly recovered from her wound.

The party, consisting of Bartyne, Almira, Etta, Kate and Raymond took their departure, Chester going with them to the ferry, and exchanged a tender farewell with Etta.

Kate was very jubilant, as Raymond depicted himself to her and Etta, and she was delighted to hear that he liked her. As for herself, she was as deep in love with him as she could be; and her love made her black eyes sparkle with an unusual brilliancy.

"You have succeeded!"

"Yes; after their attempt at assassination they abandoned this section, and crossed over to Jersey. Vengeance was their object here; plunder was their object where they went. They did not know that I was on their track. They still kept ahead of me, but I tracked them to Wilmington, Delaware."

"So far! What could have taken them there?"

"A robbery, which they planned with all the shrewdness and cunning which characterized their organization. Masked in their false faces, they burst suddenly into the cashier's house, surprising him in the midst of his family. Their intention was to handcuff him and demand the keys of the bank-vaults."

"You have succeeded!"

"But not successfully worked out. At the time the False Faces entered the room there were more parties present than they had anticipated, and the game they were attempting to play became consequently all the more perplexing. Consternation followed the appearance of the robbers in those square faces, which, while bearing a human semblance, were as impulsive as the face of a corpse. The women screamed, and one fainted dead upon the floor. The cashier was handcuffed, though he made a gallant resistance. The cries of the women, their wild efforts to escape, the struggles of the cashier in his manly endeavor to free himself, raised an alarm, and the robbers were obliged to retreat without obtaining the keys of the bank-vaults. I and my friends arrived in the town the next morning. We heard the story and knew that they were the party we were in search of. We joined in the pursuit and, I make no boast in saying it, by our aid and advice the whole party were captured."

"How many were there?"

"There were seven in all when we came upon them, but we only carried five into Newcastle."

"What became of the other two?"

"We left them dead in the wood where we overtook them. Though surprised, they made a desperate resistance, and two were killed in their efforts to overpower them."

"Was Edgar Skelmersdale killed?" inquired Bartyne, quickly.

"No; we took him and the lawyer, Selkreg, and Doctor Watervalter alive, and they are now in Newcastle jail awaiting their trial."

"Then a just punishment will be awarded to them."

"Undoubtedly. Were they here in New York they might find some loophole of escape, but there it is impossible. Justice must be dealt out to them there to the full penalty of the law. You can now rest in peace."

"I hope so; but, Raymond, I have a strong desire to be present at the trial and hear the sentence."

"Very good, sir. I shall have to attend to give some evidence, and you can go with me."

Raymond Bartyne, to give him his true name, took up his quarters at the house in Eightieth street after that night.

Genni Bartyne's idea was to leave the New York office in the charge of Raymond and Chester and return himself to the Bartyne residence.

He had several objects in view, all depending upon the other's good behavior.

"That is the first witness," said the Judge. "Witness, look at the prisoner. Can you tell me—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Rennet, and he saw Edgar Skelmersdale, and placed in his hands a letter from Dora Boyd, telling him to be of good heart and not to despair, because she was working steadily

## HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I saw him standing in the crowd,  
A comely youth and fair;  
There was a brightness in his eye,  
A glory in his hair.

I saw his comrades gaze on him,  
His comrades standing by;  
I heard them whisper each to each—  
"He never told a lie!"

I looked on wonder at the boy  
As he stood there so young,  
The truth that never an untruth  
Was uttered by his tongue.

I thought of all the boys I'd known—  
Myself among the fry—

And knew of none that one could say  
"He never told a lie."

I gazed upon that youth with awe  
That did enchant me long,  
I had no sense of fear before;  
So perfect and so strong;

And with a something of regret,  
I wished that he was I.

So they might look at me and say—  
"He never told a lie!"

I thought of questions very hard  
For boys to answer right;

How did you tear the balloons?

Myself I caused last night?

What boy the pumpkin pie?

What boy could answer all of these  
And never tell a lie!

I proudly took him by the hand,  
My words with praise were rife,  
I blessed that boy who never told  
A falsehood in his life.

I told him I was proud of him:  
A fellow standing by.

He informed me that that boy was dumb  
Who'd never told a lie.

LEAVES  
From a Lawyer's Life.

BY A. GOULD PENN.

## V.—Cell Number Nine.

"THE Commonwealth against Jack Daring, indicted for horse-stealing," called out the prosecutor in court one morning, in response to the judge's demand for the next trial case.

"Let the prisoner be brought in, Mr. Sheriff," commanded the judge.

Accordingly a deputy soon appeared, followed by the prisoner, heavily ironed, and he was placed in the dock.

This was the notorious Jack Daring, one of the most famous and successful horse-thieves known in our country. Long had he plied his nefarious calling, and by his cunning escaped the just punishment for his crimes, but now he was secured at last.

Jack Daring was no ordinary criminal. As he took his place in the prisoner's dock, I was strangely impressed by his appearance and demeanor. He was a man of medium height, with a clear, intelligent eye, and a face handsome as a picture, and in his manner was none of the cringing, guilty aspect usually worn by men of his calling. A perfect gentleman in dress and manner, and no one would have supposed him to be merely a sharp horse-thief.

While taking a mental measurement of Jack Daring, my pleasing impressions were increased by his very intelligent answers to the questions asked him by His Honor.

"Whom have you chosen as your counsel?" asked the judge.

"I have made no choice, your Honor," urbane replied the prisoner.

"Have you any means with which to pay an attorney for defending you?"

"I have not."

"Mr. Smith, the court will appoint you as counsel for this prisoner," said the judge, in his business-like way.

This was the recognized custom in our court, to appoint counsel for indigent prisoners, and it was considered disgraceful and unprofessional for an attorney to solicit of a prisoner the unenviable task of conducting his defense.

Hence I was not altogether pleased at being selected for this case, for I knew that it would be a task that would reflect but little credit upon an attorney; but even the vilest wretch is entitled to legal assistance, and my path of duty was clear.

I accordingly conducted Jack Daring, still in irons, into a consultation-room for conference.

I found him to be a man of unusual intelligence, and even well read, but could get from him no intimation of guilt, as he stoutly maintained his innocence of the charge.

"But, my dear sir," I asked, "how do you propose to establish your innocence?"

"Not by producing testimony to clear me," he answered, giving me a knowing wink which left me in doubt as to his real intentions.

"Then pray tell me how?" I demanded.

"Easily enough, Mr. Smith," he answered; "the jury will agree to disagree."

"How do you know that?"

"Jack Daring has been here before," he replied; "there are men in the court-room, and even now on the jury, who would not dare to convict Jack Daring."

Here bravado, I thought; but, as if reading my thoughts, he exclaimed:

"You doubt my statement, Mr. Smith?"

I stared at the rascal in astonishment.

"Of course I do," I replied; "but if you rely on such chances, I am afraid they will be a frail support."

"I will assume the risk," said Daring.

So we returned into court, and the trial was commenced.

A jury was obtained composed mostly of well-known and reliable farmers—men who, of all others, are least inclined to favor the purloiners of horseflesh. I saw in this no hope for my confident client, but he seemed as calm and indifferent as though he was a mere spectator.

The testimony for the prosecution was ample of its kind, and, to my mind, left no chance for a verdict of Not Guilty.

As in duty bound, I instituted a rigid cross-examination of the witnesses, but found very few inaccuracies of statement, and literally nothing of a doubt to favor my client.

The arguments were lengthy on both sides, and the day was about finished when the jury retired for consultation. The prisoner was conducted back to his cell for the night, and the court adjourned until such time as the jury should report.

I returned to my little office in the evening, where I found my student, Lewis Ayres, waiting for my appearance. I saw by his looks that he had something to communicate.

"What's up, Lew?" I asked.

"A message from Sheriff Lee, sir, saying that Jack Daring wished to consult with you this evening."

"Heard from the jury, Lew? Any verdict yet?"

"No, sir; but it is rumored that they have disagreed, and will stay out all night."

"So, so! Well, I'll go up to the jail and hear what Daring has to say."

So saying, I left the office, and wended my way to the prison.

In answer to my ring, the old jailer opened the door, and when I stated my errand, he bade me enter. It was only by peering closely into my face that he recognized me, as he was near-sighted, and the dusk of evening prevented him knowing me at ordinary distance.

"All right, Mr. Smith; all right. This way, please," and taking down the huge keys, he led the way to the jail hall, and admitted me, following to unlock the door of Cell No. 9, which done, he retired, and I was left alone in the cell with Jack Daring.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Smith," said Daring, rising from his couch as I entered; "please be seated on my couch. Owing to my limited circumstances, I am unable to offer you a chair," laughing sarcastically.

I sat down on the prison couch, and took a survey of my surroundings. A dim lamp in the outer hall furnished barely light enough to distinguish objects in Number Nine, and filled the place with a gloom that caused me to shudder.

What a place for a human being to pass days, months, even years! I thought. And yet, some men regarded it as a mere joke. Ugh! I shuddered again at thought of spending even one night in such a dismal place.

Daring paced slowly back and forth the length of the cell, apparently waiting until I had completed my examination of the surroundings. His hands were free, as the irons were only used when he was taken from the cell—the thick stone walls and heavy, barred doors being deemed sufficient security against escape.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Smith, for thus imposing on your good nature," he at length said, "but I have some matters to communicate to you, and I could not content myself to wait until morning."

Very singular, I thought, but certainly characteristic of the man; and the more I pondered over his actions the more I became mystified.

"Have you heard any news from the jury?" he asked.

"None, excepting that there was a probability of their disagreeing."

"Good; that improves my chance for freedom."

"I cannot see how," I said, "for you will have another trial, and a new jury, and unless you produce some evidence that will clear you—conviction is certain."

"I have been a bad man, Mr. Smith, but if I can get clear this time I shall mend my ways."

Hypocrite! I thought, for I was sure I saw that in his face belied his pretended repentence.

"Really, Mr. Daring, I must leave you, as my time is precious. If you want anything, or have anything to suggest, come at once to the point, and I will do all I can for you."

"I beg your pardon," he said, humbly, "if I have trespassed too much on your valuable time. You have been very kind to me, Mr. Smith, and I only wish I could repay you in a substantial manner."

It is so cheering to have company in this lonesome place that I have been tempted to prolong your visit to the utmost extent."

Again he resumed his tireless tramp back and forth in the cell.

What could the man mean? Was he intent on trying the insanity plea, or was he really a madman?

His manner was certainly strange, and some hidden object had induced him to send for me.

"I will call and see you in the morning," I said, rising from the couch and buttoning my coat around me.

"One moment, Mr. Smith. Just please examine the bars of that window, will you, and tell me how long it would take a man to cut them off and bid adieu to these uninviting quarters."

Again I looked at the fellow, and a comical smile wreathed his handsome face.

"I could not say, nor would I advise any such attempt," I answered somewhat sternly.

"Just glance out there, Mr. Smith, and see what a splendid perspective view it affords, under the rays of the young moon."

Whatever possessed me to comply with his foolish wish I cannot imagine, unless it was a desire to view the scene from the barred window. But, without taking thought, I stepped up to the narrow aperture and gazed out.

Suddenly I felt my hands grasped and pulled behind me, and before I could turn I felt my wrists encircled by a pair of handcuffs with a click that locked them securely. As soon as I could do so I turned fiercely upon my antagonist, and saw a smile of triumph on his face.

"Be quiet, Mr. Smith," he said, in a pleasant tone; "do not make any noise now, or I shall be under the painful necessity of shutting off your breath."

"Villain!" I hissed, "what does this mean?"

For I comprehended that I was in his power, and utterly helpless.

But, there had been no immediate help for it. Agnes had been invited, and Agnes had come, and the written understanding had been for a year, at least.

And, of that year, seven months had passed when this dreadful March storm of sleet and snow and rain and wind was come, and Mrs. Davenport and Agnes, the "household" at Bluestone House, exclusive of the corps of servants, were sitting together in the crimson and gold boudoir.

Looking out into the darkness, Agnes was perfectly unconscious of the tableau being enacted behind her; or of the tempest raging in Mrs. Davenport's breast that excelled in violence the fury of the storm without.

The light was turned dimly down, and glowed like a silver moon through the globe; the fire in the steel grate added refined luster to the brilliant gipsy figure crouching before it, on a white bear-skin rug, and watching the motionless figure at the window with a red sparkle in the jettie eye.

There wasn't an assuring expression on Helen Davenport's face, as she sat there, slowly twisting her fingers together, until the horrid monotony of the motion would have driven one nervous to see.

There was a hard, defiant look around her own head.

"Now, Mr. Smith, I will trouble you further to exchange coats with me; but really I shall be obliged to cut your coat somewhat in order to get it over those bracelets."

Having taken my coat and hat, he produced a large handkerchief, and despite my fierce struggles overpowered me, and cast me on the couch and gagged me with it.

There I lay speechless, and utterly helpless, as he bound me to the couch with strips of blanket. I could only grind my teeth in rage, and inwardly curse my stupidity for allowing myself to be so easily drawn into such a net.

Donning my coat and hat he looked like my second self, being about the same size, and bidding me good-night he left the cell.

I heard the turnkey open the door for him to pass, and then he came on to Number Nine and swung the heavy door, and the lock clicked.

Oh, the agony of that fearful night!

Unable to move hand or foot I lay there in the most intense suffering of body and mind. To sleep was impossible, and after vainly strug-

gling to free my limbs I sunk down exhausted and unconscious.

A cool wet hand on my brow roused me to consciousness again, and I lay as in a dream.

Where was I? I could not recollect; my mind was almost a blank. Slowly it all came back, and I opened my eyes. A woman's hand pressed the cooling water on my brow, and poured a fiery liquid upon my lips. And then it all came back to me—my fearful struggles and strains, and now I was again free. I tried to speak but could not articulate a word.

Slowly my strength returned and I was able to sit up and speak. Strong arms carried me out of that dreadful cell, and placed me on a bed in the cheering light of a large room, and kindly faces bent over me, and again I knew not more.

Hours passed; then I awoke with renewed strength, and arose from the bed.

Lewis Ayres attended me, and answered my many questions, as I hurriedly asked them.

Jack Daring had escaped, and his absence was not known until I was found lying in his cell in an unconscious condition. Pursuit had been organized, but artful accomplices had aided him, and he was safe.

I told Lewis my adventure, and my brother attorneys gathered around and extended their kindly sympathies.

I shall never forget my experience in Cell Number Nine.

## Wrought by a Woman.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A WILD, stormy March night, with a fierce wind abroad that sent sheets of sleet in gusts against the window pane, and that shook firm houses until they trembled like frightened slaves before a tyrant.

A night when, if ever, one best likes to draw the easy-chairs and ottomans close to the fire, and gather all the household in a quiet, contented circle that shall mutually aid in forgetting the tempest without, and being thankful for comfort within.

At Bluestone House, on that rough March night, all the household were gathered in the cozy little sitting-room upstairs, that was devoted exclusively to Mrs. Davenport's use, and very seldom opened even to Agnes Keswick, her niece—the wondrously beautiful girl who was sitting so quietly, so gracefully, at an end window, looking out into the darkness.

This was a gorgeous little room—this sitting-room of Mrs. Davenport's, one of three in the private suite of her own; a small, octagonal apartment, furnished in crimson and gold, with due regard for Mrs. Davenport's brilliant brunet beauty. A jewel of a boudoir, on the same scale of lavish extravagance as was everything else at Bluestone House, which, since the death of its master and owner, had been refurnished from attic to basement by his widow, who had not been long in making up her mind to let her hour had at last arrived when she was free to enjoy her life in her own way.

"I have been a bad man, Mr. Smith, but if I can get clear this time I shall mend my ways."

Hypocrite! I thought, for I was sure I saw that in his face belied his pretended repentence.

"Really, Mr. Daring, I must leave you, as my time is precious. If you want anything, or have anything to suggest, come at once to the point."

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